HEAVY METAL

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HEAVY METAL

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AX-GRINDING

While the steel grip of rock's Guitar Supremacy has slipped somewhat, it still hangs tough around the necks of most rock contextualizers. The six-stringed devil has been rock 'n' roll's central image/identifying symbol/instrumental focus since the gestative fifties for several no-kidding reasons: it's easy to play (any geek can learn to finger-press strings and strum some chords), it's portable (player can move, pose, and gyrate suggestively while playing—unlike those stuck behind drum sets or keyboards), it leaves the mouth free for singing and girl-winking (ever try to smile with a sax-stuffed mouth?), it's ideal for venting serious emotion and simultaneously keeping the song going (thrashing at tight-strung wires for peak-power hair-raising does wonders for pent-up frustrations), it's sonically versatile (feedback shrieks, buzz-saw distortion, and carillon-bell harmonics are all available), and—most important of all—it looks cool hanging there (ref.: Elvis, Eddie Cochran, Pete Townshend, Hendrix, Sid Vicious, etc.).

But, as every microchip-stew worth his silicon knows, this is the era of techno-social mutation, so we should stand by for the guitar's imminent replacement by the synth-droid of your choice, right? Not so fast—like over-eager transplant surgeons, we're too itchy to declare brain death before the EEG's stopped scribbling. As long as someone out there isn't satisfied with the old ways of doing things—isn't soul-indentured to their Les Paul—there's hope. And Lou's much relieved to report everything's a-okay, thanks to guys like Snakefinger, Adrian Belew, Keith Levene, Richard Finhas, Phil Manzanera, Robert Fripp, Glenn Branca, Fred Frith, Tom Verlaine, Robert Quine, and Andy Gill.

Let's get historical (Olivia's new single?). If amplification's arrival corresponds to the leap of quantum physics, and Chuck Berry is Albert Einstein, then the power chord's birth ignition—"My Generation"—was Hiroshima and Nagasaki (Townshend as Oppenheimer?). The stiff-wristed, cross-string slash and its resulting roar at once embraces rock's Olympian moment—the unchallenged sovereignty of Big Bang-level volume—and its seductively gravitic downfall—brawn without brains—as well. Heavy metal is our Cold War, and I'm ready to bet Leonid Brezhnev owns a shelf full of **Ritchie Blackmore** records. Blackmore, late of Deep Purple and now fronting the **Rainbow** thunder lizard, stands as one of Guitar Hegemony's most vile little figureheads and staunchest conservatives (up there with Jimmy Page and Ted Nugent), while Blackmore takes his ax-work seriously—inserting cosmetized classical riffs into the standard hm bump-and-grind — Rainbow's *Straight Between the Eyes* (Mercury) proves yet again (seventh time around for them) that heavy metal isn't about musical inventiveness so much as symbolized power, domination, and pain (check LP cover). Obviously, this orthodoxy's stylized rituals bash buttons in (mostly male) teen-age minds. The fearful respond by dutifully donning uniforms (leather and denim) and following such recently ordained clergy as krusher-krauts **Scorpions** (Blackout, also on Mercury), who recite the liturgy straight from the King Ritchie bible. Meanwhile doom-zombie necrophiliacs **Anti-Nowhere League** (greased-up Motorhead in Johnny Rotten drag) demonstrate punk's splinter-cult affiliation with heavy metal (although their debut single B-side, "So What," is a real hoot), and **Chelsea**'s cryogenically preserved Gene October stumbles upon the efficacy of Generation X-styled, power-chorded pop-punk five years too late (the anthemic *Evacuate* on IRS).

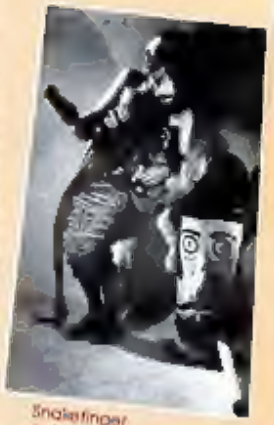
But unimaginative use of a form doesn't necessarily signal its obsolescence. Sanfrisco's **Talking Midgets** (pause for yok-howls) choose a revisionist approach, using the thick, ringing sound of an amplified guitar to produce a grinding, metallic drone somewhere between Black Sabbath and early (Dataxank) Pere Ubu. The result a *Sea of Unrest* (Instant, through Rough Trade), their uneven debut, smeared with melancholic lassitude and sledgehammer desensitization that barely holds itself intact against a dizzying chaos.

Tom Verlaine, while less of a purist than someone like **Ry Cooder** (whose recent Warner LP, *The Slide Area*, is another of his diverting recreations of the American musical experience), does approach his instrument with a naive, stripped-down sensibility. *Words from the Front* (Warner Bros.), his typically moody, third post-Television solo effort, features his naked guitar in its pointillistic, crystalline grandeur, but also conveys an agoraphobic sense of isolation in a large, empty space. Last year's shimmering *Dreamtime* had something this one lacks.

Wandering even further from the purist corral is Residential cohort and expatriate redcoat **Snakefinger**, whose demented bottleneckings is less prominent on his smirkily jazzy, third LP, *Manual of Errors* (Ralph). The addition of ex-Beefheartian Eric Feldman to Snake's busily touring ensemble has given some depth to the Lizard Prince's engaging, but sometimes overly flippant, pop-idiocyncracy.

Roxy Music's **Phil Manzanera** chameleonically slips in and out of straight-guitar clothes with the ease of a true craftsman. His limitless capacity to amaze underlatedly ranges from the nearly invisible, MOR background featuring he applies to **Roxy Music**'s latest (and least) *Avalon* (Warner Bros.) to the uncanny ungulariams of his third solo LP, the Fripp-styled workbook *Primitive Guitars* (Editions EG).

Adrian Belew's assortment of ungulariny sounds is even more tradition-defying than Manzanera's. A graduate of the Zappa/Bowie/Fripp Touring College of Aesthetics (can you imagine a better faculty?), Belew incorporates lessons learned from each mentor (Z: "Adidas in Heat" & "Lone Rhino," and F: "Naive Guitar," or maybe it should be "Belewtronics") into an exuberant, satisfyingly enjoyable debut, *Lone Rhino* (Island). If nothing else, Belew is a master of animal noises (did this guy grow up in a zoo?), which makes him an okay-Joe in my book (honk).



Snakefinger gets wrapped up in his music.

HEADY METAL

Will anyone buy Glenn Branca a new guitar?

We're saved! Fetishistic-though-enlightened fans of crashing/bashing guitars are about to discover intelligent life on our planet. Musical heavy metal devotees need no longer subsist on the qualitatively slim diet of Foreigner, Journey, AC/DC, Rush, and old Zeppelin records. Soho's ubiquitous art world, home of "minimalism" (which spawned Philip Glass and Steve Reich) and "performance art" (which spawned Laurie Anderson), has unleashed its art/rock/"heady metalism" in the form of vinyl and touring by its leading exponents: **Glenn Branca, Rhys Chatham, Sonic Youth, Red Decade**, and a slew of others to follow.

"Art/rock" is a movement that dares many strange bedfellows. The two entities, you'd think, completely contradict each other, or should. Not so. This new breed of rock manages to be intellectually stimulating without losing an inch of its very rough edge. The aforementioned precocious avant terribles, veterans of lower Manhattan's "alternative space-y" circuit (the Kitchen, Inroads, the Performing Garage), now ply their wares everywhere from New York's Mudd Club to the Brooklyn Academy of Music (where Branca will debut a very large work this winter).

Chatham, a classically trained flutist, and **Branca**, who studied theater at Emerson College, are both variants on the very-loud-fast-rules school, with concentrations on the dissonance and density of numerous de-tuned guitars attacked (no melody, no harmony) at high amplitude for overtones resulting from washes of repeated chords. Chatham is basically an artist who's "found" rock (he recently discovered AC/DC). Branca's the rock-lover-cum-serious-composer (he recently performed a symphony for sixteen musicians that had a lot more depth, build, and crescendo than I've ever associated with any rock music). Both look cool, rock, and stylish—in the way that only the truly "I don't give a shit what I look like" (post-punk, not post-hippie version) intelligent can.

— Continued on next page

Import of the Month

Richard Fishes, one of the shining LED's of the last decade's Europa-progressive scene, has a new release on the UK Pulse label (USA distribution by Green-world), *L'Ethique*. Late of the Neldon group (ref.: Spinrad's *The Iron Dream*), Finhas pits his endlessly sustained, soaringly Frippian guitar against a rigid, synthesized superstructure in a superb tension/release dialogue. Those Frogmen are a devilishly clever lot.

—Lou Stathis

Addresses:

Neutral Records: 415 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10003
99 Records: 99 MacDougal St., New York, NY 10012
Rough Trade: 326 6th St. San Francisco, CA 94103
Ralph: see below
Greenworld: 20445 Gramercy Place, Torrance, CA 90509

Mis-State of the Art

As the record industry drifts further rightward, it becomes readily apparent that any band deemed worthy of a major-label recording contract doesn't deserve to be called rock if a musician hasn't lost all his idealism/integrity/inspiration by the time he gets his first "deal," a week in the studio will easily cure him of any capacity to make worthwhile musicians.

Take a rube like **Marshall Crenshaw**, whose live performances reveal a genuine love for rock 'n' roll but whose debut album (on Warner Bros.) is as lifeless as anything by Christopher Cross. He made a terrific single a year previous to his WEA incarceration, but that was produced by Alan Betrock (founder of both *New York Rocker* and Shake Records), whose reputation as an industry hitmaker wasn't good enough for Warners. True to form, Crenshaw was paired with Go Go's/Robert Gordon producer Richard Gottehrer, a match which mightve sounded fine over cocktails at Elaine's but did absolutely nothing for the artistry of the record. Product was created, and somewhere in Iowa a Warners salesman moved three units of BSK 3673 but doesn't know and couldn't care who Marshall Crenshaw is. These record companies aren't the enemy as such, but due to enormous overhead they can't turn a profit on sales of less than 500,000, so they're not really interested in artist development or establishing a base audience, but instead anticipate the quick return.

Marshall Crenshaw: What, Me Worry?

Van Halen is more their kind of animal. Hit quick, go platinum with your first few records, and then fall into the same rut as a million other bands. Where can a punch like Van Halen go—Eddie's already played every lick he knows, and their sales aren't about to exceed Led Zeppelin's. Their latest LP, *Diver Down* (Warners), has them covering Smokey Robinson, Roy Davies, and Roy Orbison tunes, but that isn't going to make them any less disposable—just put them a few dollars ahead and let them sell their kids they had a hit single once. It's no wonder that nothing particularly earth-shattering has come across the airwaves recently if the music execs are walking around seeing Van Halen as the pinnacle of what to look for in new talent.

A small label like Slash, on the other hand, can put twenty-five thousand dollars into an LP like Fear's *The Record*, and amortize their investment without the sell-out, and without releasing something that sounds just like what they assume every teen-ager wants to hear. **Fear** sing "I Don't Care about You (Fuck You)," and they mean it, particularly in reference to any A&R men who might be in the audience. The attitude of signing someone because they're innovative and special has disappeared from the major label mentality—if Elvis, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, or Jesus Christ reappeared in 1982, they'd probably get out off with a form letter. The surfeit of lowbrow musical acts that sound just like everything else you've ever heard, except worse, is due to the industry as a whole giving up on the idea of looking for the next phenomenon, and just wanting to pay the bills for their past mistakes.

—Jon Tiven

Slash Records, P.O. Box 48888, Los Angeles, CA 90048

(cont'd from preceding page)

At first, in the mid-seventies, their respective audiences, like Reich's and Glass's, were mostly artists. As Branca admits, this genre of music is "not about dancing, but about having an extreme experience." It's so loud and viscerally emotive (The *New York Times* labeled it "aural hurricane") that the art world looked to it for transcendence. Branca's done two records for the 99 label (*Lesson No. 1* and *The Ascension*), and Chatham has recently won over an audience of suburban teeny-boppers in one of Manhattan's more bamitie clubs (to be followed by a disc on Antarctica), making this "downtown sound" the music that *both* metal-manic kids and art-afficionado parents can enjoy. The *New York Rocker*, always glib, considers it "sort of a wet dream for closet heavy metal freaks masquerading as grown-up intellectuals" (give me a break).

There are now scores of art/rock bands circulating through the Manhattan club scene (where grantland meets clubland), many of which premiered at the New York Noise Festival in June of '81 (at White Columns Art Gallery). The whole thing is reminiscent of the early seventies, when every artist (David Byrne, Blondie's Chris Stein, et al.) picked up a guitar. But these art/rockers don't pretend they know how to play—they're proud they don't. They've perfected the "bad is good" idea to its raw roots-of-rock primitive extreme, and the tag "noise bands" (from the Noise Fest) sticks.

Best of these is **Sonic Youth**, made up of Thurston Moore, Lee Ranaldo (who play with Branca), artist Kim Gordon, and drummer Richard Edson. They have a record out on Neutral (a new label partnered by Branca and White Columns director Josh Baer) which nearly captures their urban mutant sound: unbridled emotionalism submerged in a sea of harmonies, feedback, and rhythm. Their psycho-acoustic effects are accompanied by raw-raw lyrics ("I'm not afraid to say I'm scared"), so simple and so dissonantly used they sound like non sequitur poetry.

Red Decade (self-titled LP on Neutral), brainchild of Jules Bastide (former sideman w/Branca, Chatham, and Laurie Anderson), is one of the few bands of this ilk to incorporate saxophones into the normal guitar-bass-and-drums format. Although the music is highly structured, it's still hyper, somewhat dissonant, and has all the rock, jazz, and "experimental stuff."

Heady metal, indeed. Could this be the true language of subconscious perception, or just another flash in the experimental pan? With the increased record sales, press coverage, and radio play, it all seems to add up to a movement. Non-avant-garde audiences don't find this music esoteric at all. They know it's only Art—but they like it.

—Marie Ginsberg

Blood and Thunder

Fred Frith guesses weight.

When **James Blood Ulmer** and **Material** first turned up on the Manhattan new-wave scene nearly two years ago, the sounds around clubland were definitely more jolting than enlivening. A fusion of clashing guitars, funk riffing, and jazz-flied improvisation made good sense after the ennui had set in. In each generation someone ventures forth to marry ratified instrumental compositions with pop structures, and three recent albums—Blood's *Freelancing* (Columbia), Material's *Memory Serves* (Elektra/Musician), and **Massacre's** *Killing Time* (Celluloid)—not only add to the library of such musical ventures, but recall much of the critical sources of intelligent music-making as well.

Blood Ulmer isn't merely another fleet-fingered pop-jazz imp, nor is he quite as revolutionary on *Freelancing* as some of his new-black-music contemporaries. Instead, he chooses to reconsider various jazz-rooted premises about riffing and beat within the terse confines of the new-wave tune. But for Blood, the "new wave" appellation is more a matter of time placement and audience appeal than compositional temperment or stylistic intent. Sideman like saxophonists Oliver Lake and David Murray insure that even the most pop-oriented vocalized tunes draw more from an atomized heavy-blues base (à la Albert Ayler's last LP with Henry Vestine) than from a Talking Heads-style, self-conscious afro-funk fusion. Which is okay for Blood and for us, as he recasts the essential reference points in a fresh and brilliant light.

While Ulmer is more firmly fixed in history, **Material** is more assiduously steeped in a proto-apocalyptic ethos. *Memory Serves*' futuristic machinations mixes the same rich catalog of primal sources as Blood (horn players George Lewis and Henry Threadgill, as well as guitarist Sonny Sharrock, are virually Ulmer's kin), but the faint cry of both Captain Beefheart and King Crimson echoing among Fred Frith guitar pummels and Michael Beinhorn's electronic emanations renders *Memory Serves* more of a high-tech mongrel and laboratory-fashioned exercise. Although less filled with *Freelancing*'s pure joy, *Memory Serves* still focuses on enough of the funk beat to mix-master intelligence and emotion into one.

The simplicity which graces **Massacre's** first LP, *Killing Time*, actually serves to consolidate musical values generated on the Material disc—and no wonder, since guitarist Frith, bassist Bill Laswell, and drummer Fred Maher are all Material activists. Here they are less occupied with history and more with forming breeder-reactor compositions, yielding fuel for further variations on this trio of instrumental interplay. Of the three, this album's deceptive simplicity marks it as the most cogent.

—Brad Balfour

BEDDING DOWN

A pair of sleepers by Toulouse-Lautrec, from Anthony Burgess's *On Going to Bed*.

If **Anthony Burgess** was to write the copy that goes on the little white sanitary bands in hotel toilets, I'd read 'em. Call me dull, but kinder yet, call me infatuated, for Burgess is just one of those writers who can take a normal, everyday occurrence such as *On Going to Bed* (Abbeville Press) and make it compelling.

With paintings by such masters as Goya, Lautrec, and Rackham, the book is chock full of anecdotes and facts about—you guessed it—beds. Big ones, small ones, squat ones, hanging ones, no mattress is left unturned in this rockabyeography.

Now, a word of warning: Burgess does not delve much into nookie, so don't run out and buy this book in hopes of reading a bunch of lurid sex tales. He does touch on the subject, but ever so slightly. This is more of an ode to the chamber in which we've all racked in as babies, feverishly made love in as adults (okay, okay, so he doesn't mention it much—no reason I can't), and will possibly breathe our last gasp in between crisp, cool sheets.

—Julie Simmons-Lynch

On Thomas M. Disch

Disching It Out

Thomas M. Disch: world's best bald-headed, cigar-smoking, bow-tied of writer with tattoos

I was walking down Fourteenth Street in Manhattan, and Thomas M. Disch was walking beside me, telling me about his new novella. "And so," Tom Disch was saying, "he finds himself in Sure Would Forest and there he sees the Seven Dorks. And . . ."

"What do the Seven Dorks look like?" I interrupted. "How do they dress?"

He turned towards me and spread his hands, beaming, as if to say: Like me!

If the sartorial style for these peculiar creatures is modeled on Disch's own for that day, then they typically wear a straw hat, a lurid bowling shirt, and khaki trousers. And each one smokes a big cigar.

Disch, yes, smokes a cigar, and on his forearms are large, bright, nicely executed tattoos of dragons locked in combat with panthers. But on his face is the openness and playfulness of a small child. His face is a touch round, a little babyish; the beard that comes and goes with his seasonal moods doesn't change that. He's more than six feet tall and built like a chief bosun's mate—but that doesn't take away from his sublime youthfulness. Nor does his slight portliness.

*When he expounds an idea, extols something beautiful, expresses an opinion—and these things he does often—his words ring with a profound resonance I associate with Dr. Samuel Johnson. Like Johnson, he is a scholar, a critic, a wit—unlike Johnson, he is ever genial and well-mannered. For a more contemporary comparison: he's rather like the Major Winchester character on TV's "M*A*S*H" in his Wildeesque sallies and learned articulation, without Winchester's snobbishness. He's a connoisseur of literature, painting, poetry, opera, and bowling shirts. He's the author of a string of brilliant, grittily real, elegantly written, puckish and melancholy novels, collections of short stories, and books of poetry. He wrote the critically acclaimed historical novel Neighboring Lives (in collaboration with Charles Naylor from Scribner's), the richly gothic novel Clara Reeve (under the pseudonym "Leonie Hargrave," from Ballantine), and the classic sf novels Camp Concentration (Avon), 334 (Avon) and On Wings of Song (Bantam). His most recent book of poetry is* Orders of the Retina *(Toothpaste Press).*

And this man brings me hope. Hope for sf—he wrote the first truly naturalistic sf, 334—and hope for life in general. Because his insights and his observations constantly point up everything that is redeeming about life, even life at its worst. The humor in the terror, the visions trapped in the humdrum. The distinctive, humanistic vision of Thomas M. Disch.

—John Shirley

"Laughter is a 78-rpm scream played at 33⅓."

MM: With *On Wings of Song*, did you intend to write a formal novel in the manner of, say, Jane Austen?

TD: All my novels are pretty formal, but *David Copperfield* was the conscious model. First I had it in the back of my mind that I was going to write a book about flying, because I'd had these great flying dreams. And one is always casting about for a big subject that you as a writer have authority to deal with, some particular area of expertise that's yours . . . Hemingway could write about big game hunting or bullfights, right? And I knew what it was like to fly! Because of these dreams, I had an absolutely unshakeable interior conviction that I knew what it was like to fly physically, from my body, in the dreams. And the particular overriding character of these dreams is that I knew how to fly in dazzling situations . . . I had a great flight through the Grand Canyon once. And I had some theory of what flying dreams were representing, what they were metaphors of. So I had it in the back of my mind that someday I was going to write a good flying epic. And then I was reading a book of John Berger's essays about painting, *The Moment of Cubism*, in which he quotes a poem of Apollinaire. And reading the four lines of that poem, the novel just sprang into my mind in all the basic lineaments of the plot within half an hour. I immediately started writing the novel. Usually a novel of mine will percolate for years before I actually have the time to sit down and write it. But at this time I left off everything else I was doing and started the novel, and continued on, without a break. It was the most extemporaneous novel I've ever done, in its separate sections. I felt a great confidence about what I was doing, the metaphor of flying, of "knowing" how to do it, enabled me to be writing with more novelistic freedom of invention than I'd ever felt before. In earlier novels, like *The Genocides*, I had an almost chapter-by-chapter scenario as to the plot, and I never varied from that very precise scenario in the writing of the book.

MM: I have the impression that you're sort of amused by death, that you perceive it as the cosmic joke.

TD: It's a joke, yeah. I mean, life is a joke, properly understood. And death is just its punch line. The fact of death unleashes laughter. Somewhere I said that "Laughter is a 78-rpm scream played at 33⅓." Freud pointed out that laughter is a sublimation of terror. And why not sublimate our terror? Isn't it better to appreciate it, to sort of slow down the flow of the horror till we can see it in a way that we can understand it and get the joke? I mean, part of the joke is that we're not that important individually, that the world is so much vaster than we are. And we understand such a little bit of it. And every single person is full of his own self-importance. All we know about death is other people's deaths, no one of us knows our own until it's too late.

MM: Our laughter at death is nervous laughter, we're laughing at something we don't know how to cope with otherwise.

TD: Yeah. Horror movies are always treading that very dangerous edge between laughter and terror, and the best horror movies move back and forth across the line and use the energy of laughter to sort of lay you up for the moment the laughter's dispensed with, and you're presented with the raw, scary part of it. I don't systematically write of Death as something funny. Lots of the deaths in my stories and novels are horrific.

[illegible]: It seems to me your writing went through a kind of major refreshment about the time of *334*, as if you were really coming into your own voice.

TD: Literally. I'd spent maybe two years, in '67 and '68, in a very, very fallow period, in which I wrote *The Prisoner* tie-in, a movie tie-in, and very few short stories, which aren't particularly memorable. I'd written one of the *334* stories, "The Death of Socrates," in 1965, and I'd meant for a long time to write a whole book around the world that was established in that story, but shied away from the task. Early in 1970 I finally got up the courage and went back to work on that. I wrote the stories all in one burst of new life. It was definitely a sense of resurrection. I'd been saying that one thing that hadn't been done in the same way—or to the same degree—in sf is uniting the romantic power and capability of the traditional naturalistic novel and the metaphorical force and pizzazz of speculative fiction. But usually sf had a kind of schematic quality, or thinness of thought, that has made it unrespectable among most literary folk, in some senses deservedly. *334* was a determined attempt to create a future world that had all the richness of detail and persuasiveness of detail and truth-to-life that a contemporary realistic novel of the best sort could hope to achieve. And that is not the case with my earlier sf, which tended to share the schematic, or over-colored, quality of most sf. *The Genocides* is a very broad melodrama in many respects. You have to suspend your disbelief in a slightly different way, the way you do with opera, or any other *grand guignol* situation. The germ of the desire to create a naturalistic tone or environment is there in lots of my early sf, but *334* is the first time I had the resources at my command to do it.

[illegible]: It also seems to begin a phase where you're dealing more especially with the Common Man.

TD: Let's put it more simply: *other people*. There is no figure in *334* who corresponds to the vicarious hero that is basically a paraphrase of the novelist's own sensibility.

[illegible]: As in *Camp Concentration*.

TD: Yes. It's very easy to write a book in which the hero is just a self-approving mirror image of yourself. And almost all trashy fiction follows a vicarious pattern in which the hero is a vehicle for what's called reader identification, which means that you don't question your identification with, say, a Delany protagonist. Delany, whatever literary tricks he is performing, has always held onto his "Kid" hero which the reader simply, simply goes into the book, puts on that costume, and is able to get through the rest of the book without worrying about whether or not he's a good guy. He knows he's the good guy. *334* has no hero at the focus of it, none—it's rather a Neighborhood. It's not a person who is the focus for, as it were, good feeling in the book, but a network of relationships beween many people.

[illegible]: *334* seemed a kind of stylistic departure from what was crystallized in *Camp Concentration*. In that book there was a quality about the prose as if an abos became articulate, a kind of stylistic nasality that was pleasant, and with a sound sound to the words, but just a little, forgive me, pompous.

TD: Good description, and I agree. I would like to think I've got a string section in *334*.

[illegible]: And *Camp Concentration* was so self-consciously literary. At least it struck some people that way. As if you were saying, "I'm not just an sf writer," and "Look, I know about this stuff." And in fact I think there are parts you can't fully appreciate unless you've read Thomas Mann, especially *Doctor Faustus*. How much was Mann an influence?

TD: A huge one. I lusted for him to be my grandfather. From early college years, and maybe before, he was to me the most important modern writer, and I read him over and over again, and read all about him, and studied German.

[illegible]: And how is *Frankenstein* coming, your opera libretto?

TD: We have all of Act II done now, and I have done the last scene of Act III, which is the creature alone on the ice floe, as at the end of Mary Shelley. And that is going to be a hell of a scene. It's a vision that the creature has. It's a curse on all humanity, in which he prophesies what science will do to the world, right through the nuclear apocalypse. The part that's been composed is very good, and the composer, Greg Sandow, is going along great guns at it. The problem with opera is that you have to realize the meaning of a story in statements by figures in the story, usually very extended statements. In ordinary fiction, the opportunity for making extended statements is very rare. This is a very formal opera.

[illegible]: Are you willing to discuss your current novel-in-progress?

TD: That's *The Business Man: A Tale of Terror*. It's occult fantasy. It's a tale of the afterlife, and about half of the point-of-view characters are people living in the afterlife, finding out what it's like and generally trying to cope with it. The heroine of the book begins the novel as a ghost who is trapped inside her coffin with her own corpse and can't get out. The pyrotechnics of writing about the afterlife in a way that nobody's ever done before, so that it's fresh and not faddish, has been the great fun of writing the book.

[illegible]: Does God make an appearance?

TD: Well, Jesus Christ appears near the end as a pilot of a blimp, but . . . It's a tale of terror and not a religious allegory.

[illegible]: It's a horror story, then?

TD: Indeed. It's a feast of gore. I love the machinery of terror.

The Higher Escapism

A List of Ten Staggerers
Suitable for the Readers of Heavy Metal
In No Particular Order

Note: Any number of other essential books are not on this list because the authors or books already have high reps and established champions (e.g., best-selling authors like Renault or Fowles, highbrow classics from Kafka through Borges, and whole legions of first-rate, semi-forgotten sf writers and fantasists). What the ten following books have in common is that each one completely bowled me over the first time I read it—and changed my idea of how bowling over is done. Each one is a showboat of melodrama and/or pizazz. —TD.

1. Wandering Jew by Eugène Sue
2. Little Dorrit by Charles Dickens
3. Melmoth the Wanderer by Charles R. Maturin
4. A High Wind in Jamaica by Richard Hughes
5. The French Revolution by Thomas Carlyle
6. Lady Into Fox by David Garnett
7. Thank You and Other Poems by Kenneth Koch
8. Villette by Charlotte Brontë
9. The Bride of Lammermoor by Walter Scott
10. Joseph and His Brothers by Thomas Mann

PHILIP K. DICK

...The Complete Works

The hard fact of Philip K. Dick's regrettably early death last March is softened by the knowledge that such a tribute to his talents as Daniel J. H. Levack's *PKD* was placed in his hands before the end. This remarkable bibliography tirelessly indexes each of Dick's published and unpublished works, enriching the listings with international printing histories, synopses (by Steven Owen Godarsky), cover reproductions, and frequent perspective-lending commentaries by Dick himself.

Levack, compiler of a Jack Vance bibliography, is pedantic in the best possible sense. His excavation exhumes not only the existence of a sixties BBC series based on *Martian Time-Slip* and various novels' original manuscript titles, but helpfully includes a list of connecting stories and reappearing characters as well. Whether you're an interested beginner, an old P.K.D. hand, or a book collector in search of a groundplan, **PKD: A Philip K. Dick Bibliography** rewards investigation. Available from: Underwood-Miller, 239 N. 4th St., Columbia, PA 17512; $16.95 hardcover, $7.95 paper, and $1.00 for postage.

—Timothy R. Lucas

...The Last Words

How do you distinguish a mystical experience from a psychotic episode? Sometimes it's damn hard. According to friends and interviews, the late Philip K. Dick was overwhelmed by a transcendant benign power (nicknamed Vast Active Living Intelligence System, or VALIS for short) in 1974, and spent much of the next decade trying to account for it. The author of more than thirty sf novels, noted for their paranoia, plot twists, reality shifts, and ironic humor, Dick found himself living the life of one of his own characters.

VALIS (Bantam) and *The Divine Invasion* (Timescape—both 1981) turned to gnostic myths as metaphors for Dick's "revelations." With **The Transmigration of Timothy Archer** (Timescape)—completed shortly before his recent death—Dick jettisoned the sf elements altogether.

Dick knew Bishop James Pike back in the sixties, and in *Timothy Archer* he retells the strange tale of Pike's final years. Pike, as you may recall, made news when he claimed mediums had contacted his son who had committed suicide. This was soon followed by a church heresy trial, the suicide of his mistress, and ultimately his tragic death while lost on a pilgrimage of sorts in the Israeli wilderness. Dick changes names and juggles details, but the book never wanders far from Pike's own chronology. It's engrossing, but hardcore P.K.D. fans may find it relatively mild fare.

Yet, beneath the surface lurks the impression that Timothy Archer's ruminations on Pike are actually Dick contemplating his own fate. Well aware of his own repressed anger and high blood pressure, Dick seemed to find in Pike's premature death forewarnings of his own fatal stroke.

Alas, Dick's last is not his very best, but nonetheless an essential piece in the Philip K. Dick puzzle.

—Jay Kinney

TEMPEST

BY ATARI – REVIEW ©JOHN HOLMSTROM 1982

YOU **HEAR** A LOT ABOUT "VIDEO ART," BUT IN THIS VIDEO GAME YOU'LL **FIND** ABSTRACT VIDEO ART AT IT'S FINEST.

TEMPEST COMBINES PERFORMANCE ART WITH PARTICIPATORY CONCEPTUAL ART FROM THE SEVENTIES AND PSYCHEDELIC OP ART FROM THE SIXTIES TO CREATE A **UNIQUE VISUAL STATEMENT** FOR THE EIGHTIES. UNFORTUNATELY THE FACT THAT **TEMPEST** IS A MERE VIDEO "GAME" WILL PREVENT MOST CURATORS FROM PRESENTING IT IN ANY GALLERY OR EXHIBITION. THE CASE WOULD BE MADE THAT **TEMPEST** IS A MERE COMMERCIAL DESIGN MANUFACTURED TO GENERATE REVENUE AND PROVIDE SIMPLE AMUSEMENT, **NOT** TO BE APPRECIATED FOR ITS AESTHETIC VALUE. HOWEVER, **THAT** WOULD BE AN ARBITRARY VALUE JUDGEMENT.

NO TWO **TEMPEST** PERFORMANCES PRODUCE THE SAME VISUAL EFFECTS. THE PLAYER BECOMES, IN EFFECT, AN ARTIST. "PLAY" BECOMES "WORK," ALTHOUGH THE WORK IS TEMPORARY. THE STRUCTURE AND LAYOUT OF THE GAME PROVIDE A CONSTANT AND PERMANENT FORM FOR THE PLAYERS TO INVOLVE THEMSELVES IN. IT IS BOTH MORE POWERFUL AND MORE INTIMATE THAN **ANY** PAINTING.

TEMPEST'S DESIGN IS A STATEMENT ON ITS OWN TECHNOLOGY, OR FACTURE. ORIGINALLY THE DESIGNERS WANTED **ALIEN MONSTERS** TO EMANATE FROM THE CENTER OF THE BOARD. WHEN THE PROGRAMMERS DISCOVERED THAT THEIR MONSTER DESIGNS WOULDN'T GENERATE PROPER RESOLUTION ON THE VIDEO SCREEN, THEY HAD TO REDESIGN THE "ENEMY" INTO ABSTRACT SHAPES. THE FORM FOLLOWS THE FUNCTION.

NEW VIDEO GAMES ARE REACHING OUT IN THE BOLD NEW DIRECTION. **QIX** COMBINES A MONDRIAN-INFLUENCED GAME BOARD WITH ETCH-A-SKETCH STRATEGY. IT EVEN FEATURES A "FAST" AND "SLOW" DRAW INSTEAD OF A TRADITIONAL FIRE BUTTON. HOME VIDEO PROGRAMS LET PEOPLE CREATE THEIR OWN GAMES.

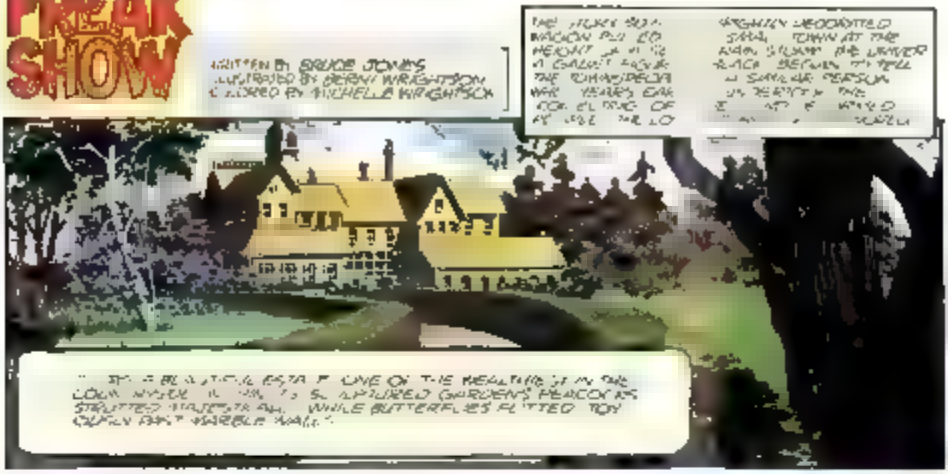
LIKE IT OR NOT, VIDEO GAMES ARE TRULY A NEW ARTFORM, AND DESERVE TO BE RECOGNIZED AS SUCH.

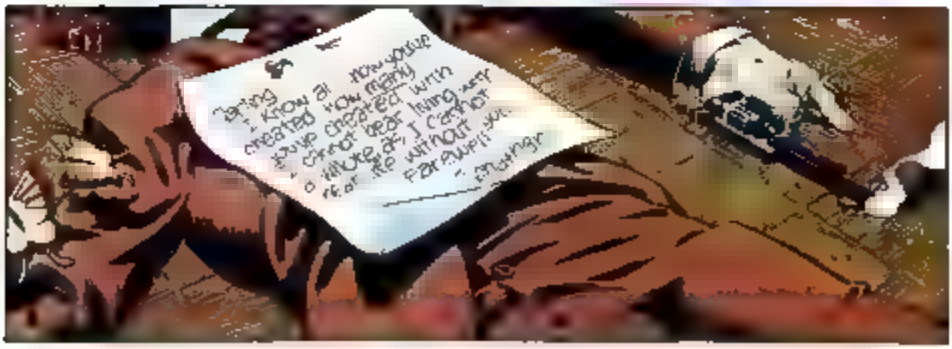
—JOHN HOLMSTROM

Dropper designed by Leslie Engel

FREAK SHOW

WRITTEN BY BRUCE JONES
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNI WRIGHTSON
COLORED BY MICHELLE WRIGHTSON





HER NAME WAS LILA. SHE WAS TWENTY-ONE THIS DAY. SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL WEALTHY.
BUT SHE COULD NOT STOP THE SOUND OF THE GUN SHOT ECHOING IN HER BRAIN.
OR THE SIGHT OF HE BRILLIANT SPEAR OF RED ON THE CARPET
OR THE ENDLESS HIGH PITCHED SCREAM ERUPTING FROM HER OWN
NOR TO DIE
I LEERED AT HER FROM THE SKELETAL BRANCHES ABOVE. HE HIDEOUS LANTERN EYES GLARING BALEFULLY DOWN FROM THE FLAT, REPTILIAN HEAD. ITS RUBBERY BODY WOUND SERPENTLIKE ABOUT THE TREE

A REPULSIVE GOBLIN HOPPED UPON THE DECAYED WOOD. SPITTLE DRIPPING FROM GRINNING, YELLOW TEETH FROM THE DARKNESS AROUND HER A HOLLOW GIGGLE A SEMICIRCLE OF GLOWING AMBER EYE

THE ICY GREEN BRIGHTER A FIRE APPEARED A HORSE A HAGGLY CAN
HE RAPPED HER SCREAMING DAR PLOWING IN HER MOUTH THE NIGHT-MARE HORSE RUNS HER IN PANTING. DARK AS INSANE ABOUT FOAMING
LA HALLE AT LAST BURST THROUGH HER MATTED HAIR AND REMAINED HER AGONY NIGHT
GOD SWEET GOD DELIVER ME

TO BE CONTINUED

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editor:

I've purchased the last few issues of *HM* [illegible]

like to present a few ideas that I believe would increase your readership and sales, if that is of any interest to you (I sure hope that). I certainly would like to see some [illegible] in the future (I would not believe me—ed). [illegible] printed a well-done strip on a literary classic, say *The Hobbit*, for example's sake, your readership and sales would certainly double because of Tolkien's popularity and the nerd factor. Commercialize and you'll be more [illegible]

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

I am not a [illegible] ent, but I must congratulate you people: you have succeeded in dragging this out of my typewriter. I am not the first reader and I'm sure not the last, to inform you that your magazine has mounted into pure commercial hype. You have sold out, from the identical covers to the shabby stories that adorn the pages between. A perfect example of this [illegible] lyric passages, arresting artwork, and beautiful [illegible] found in the best literary stories. Now a [illegible] of your stories have degenerated into this sort of inane pop-culture junk. Now a short [illegible]

Interesting contrast here, don't you think? These two musicians represent the solid reference [illegible] example, while another, more of the Zappa [illegible] variety, thinks we're self-not assholes.

My immediate response is that neither of these [illegible] has any understanding or sympathy for what we're doing here. HM is supposed to be a [illegible] don't expect everyone to like everything we print. Hell, I don't like all of it, but at least I'm [illegible] there.

No, we don't think all our readers are accountants. We sell a quarter million of these things every month, undergrounds were lucky if they sold one-fifth that; nor do we think we're "sold out" because we take advertising of the kind we make by readers on the cover give a magazine. Inside the magazine is what counts, and there we try to satisfy many factions of our readership as we can. As examples, I point to June's "Little Star in New York," and July's "Life at the Circus," as well as things like "Black Opera," which never cease to delight me. Would you find this stuff in any other American mass-market magazine? I doubt it. So move up, have faith, and let end its entire world. —ls

[illegible]

My praise of the May issue surpasses all [illegible] magazine's aesthetic theme. A special re[illegible] and most elated exclamations on your reincarnation.

David N. Brownridge
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Dear Julie Simmons-Lynch:

[illegible] think that a good alternative title for *Heavy Metal* would be *Tits and Entrails* (*I don't know, somehow it lacks a certain zing, but we'll keep it in mind.—ls*). I've just read in Cinema Sense Magazine that *HM*'s usual reader is a ten- to thirty-one-year-old male and in the same article you are quoted as [illegible]

That's quite true. Our circulation has risen remarkably in the last year.—ls I propose a solution to that. Aim for more female readers. I think I can speak for other women as well as myself when I say that the magazine is too male-oriented (and many men also know are turned off by the graphic anti-social fantasies as much as I am). Can you suggest [illegible] ing that you dumpster the overabundance of [illegible] readership, but why not equal time for things [illegible] are plentiful in National Lampoon, which the last time I looked a year ago, was still misogyny-oriented, just as the editor of *HM* and a woman surely you want to do something to remedy the lop-sided situation, and surely you must be in the position to do something about it.

Nancy C. McClennan

Not only do the women around here—who need no guys around by our chauvinism—want to even things up a bit, but some of us males think that more female viewpoints are definitely needed. We're trying—watch the letters and [illegible]

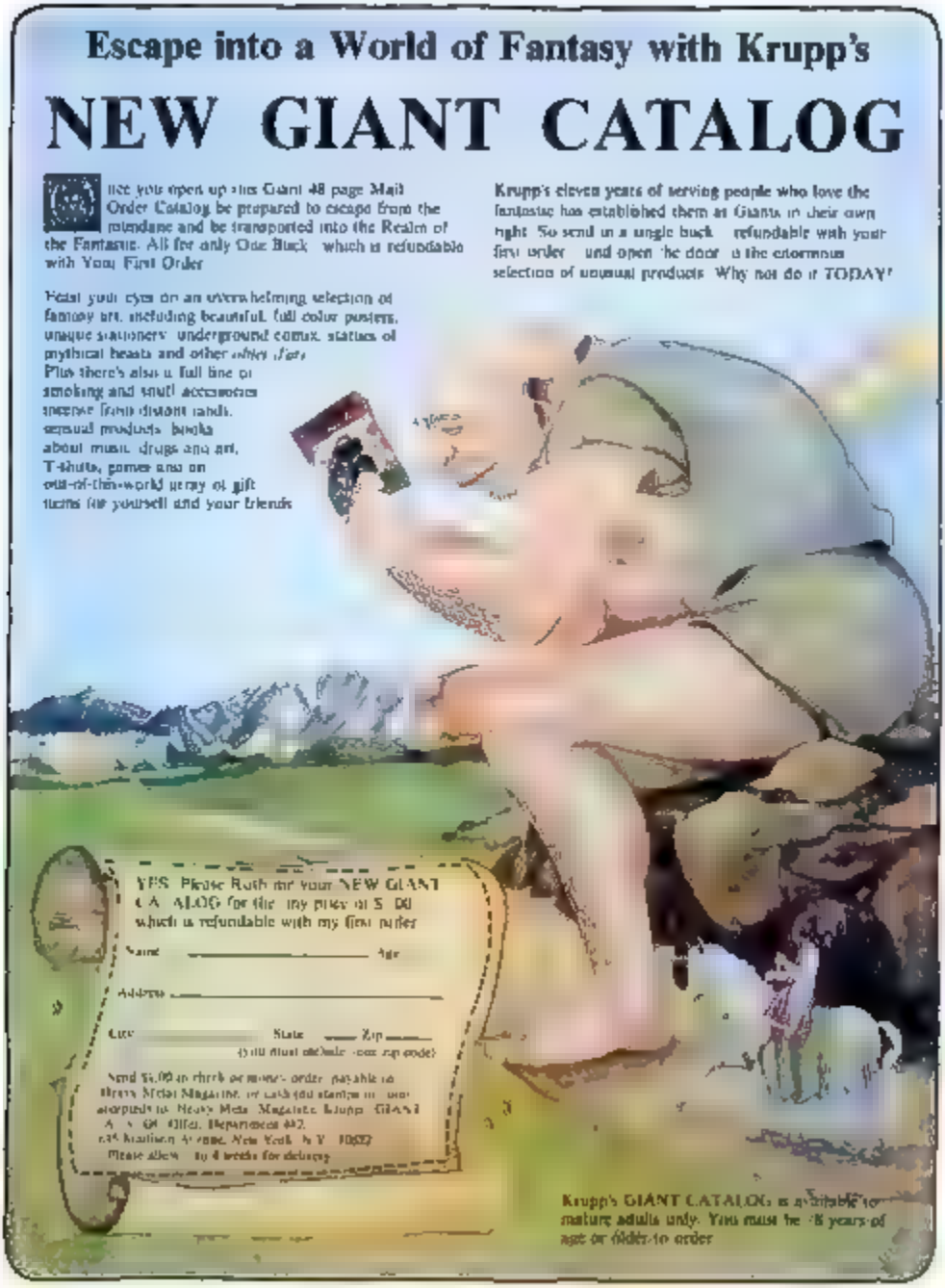
Dear Weighty Metallics:

JUNE WAS THE BEST ISSUE IN TWO FUCKING YEARS! All the written material is interesting—thanks for bringing to my [illegible] Stathis is great (Demonstration of the com[illegible] wise—amazing cover). [illegible] "Little Star in New York" we [illegible] stopped doing stuff like this (Never—ed) [illegible]

S. Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Editors:

[illegible] eloquent person might say, delectable, monumental in originality, a Dostoievsky [illegible] of elevated thought," or some such [illegible] ly then, it is very interesting to witness the changes that the format of the magazine has undergone while observing no change in [illegible] shelf, just waiting to be sold. I now realize why *HM* is the one magazine that [illegible] a great of book can rile my brain as much as *HM*. So, to the editors, the authors, artists, and everyone else, thank you all for reviving the long dreams that were so much a [illegible]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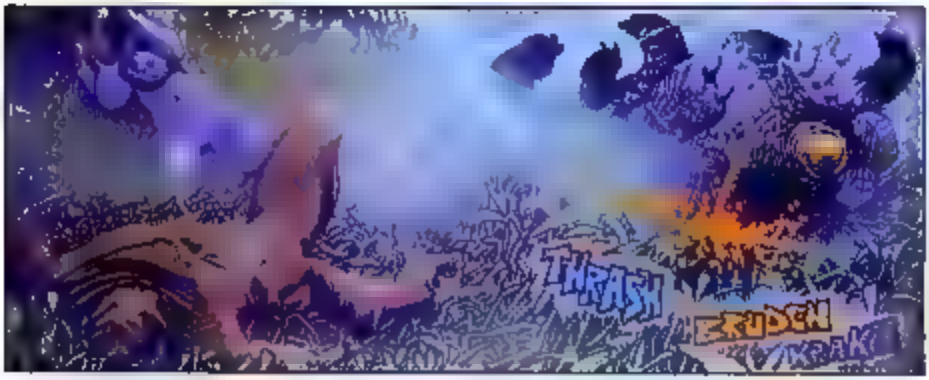
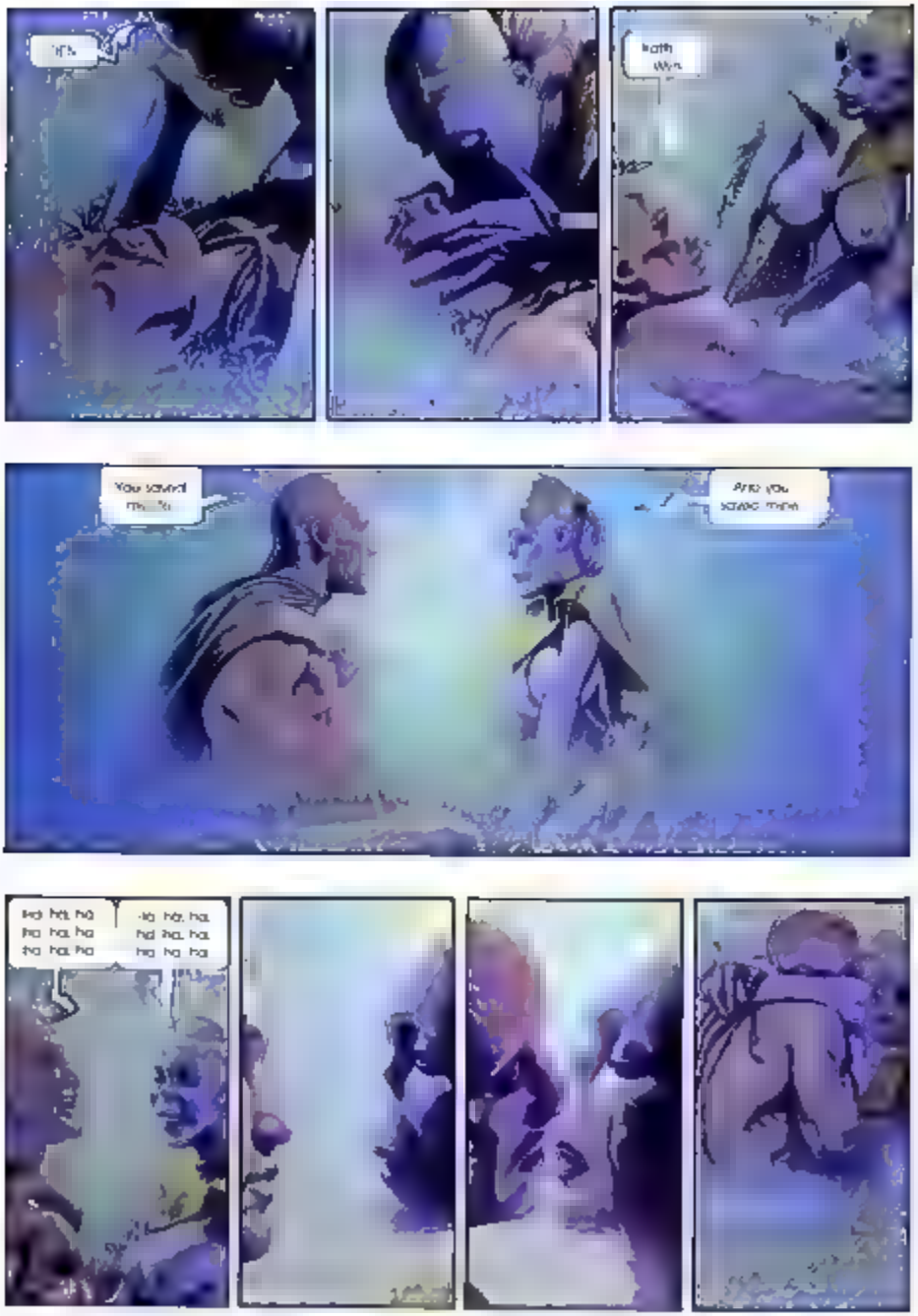
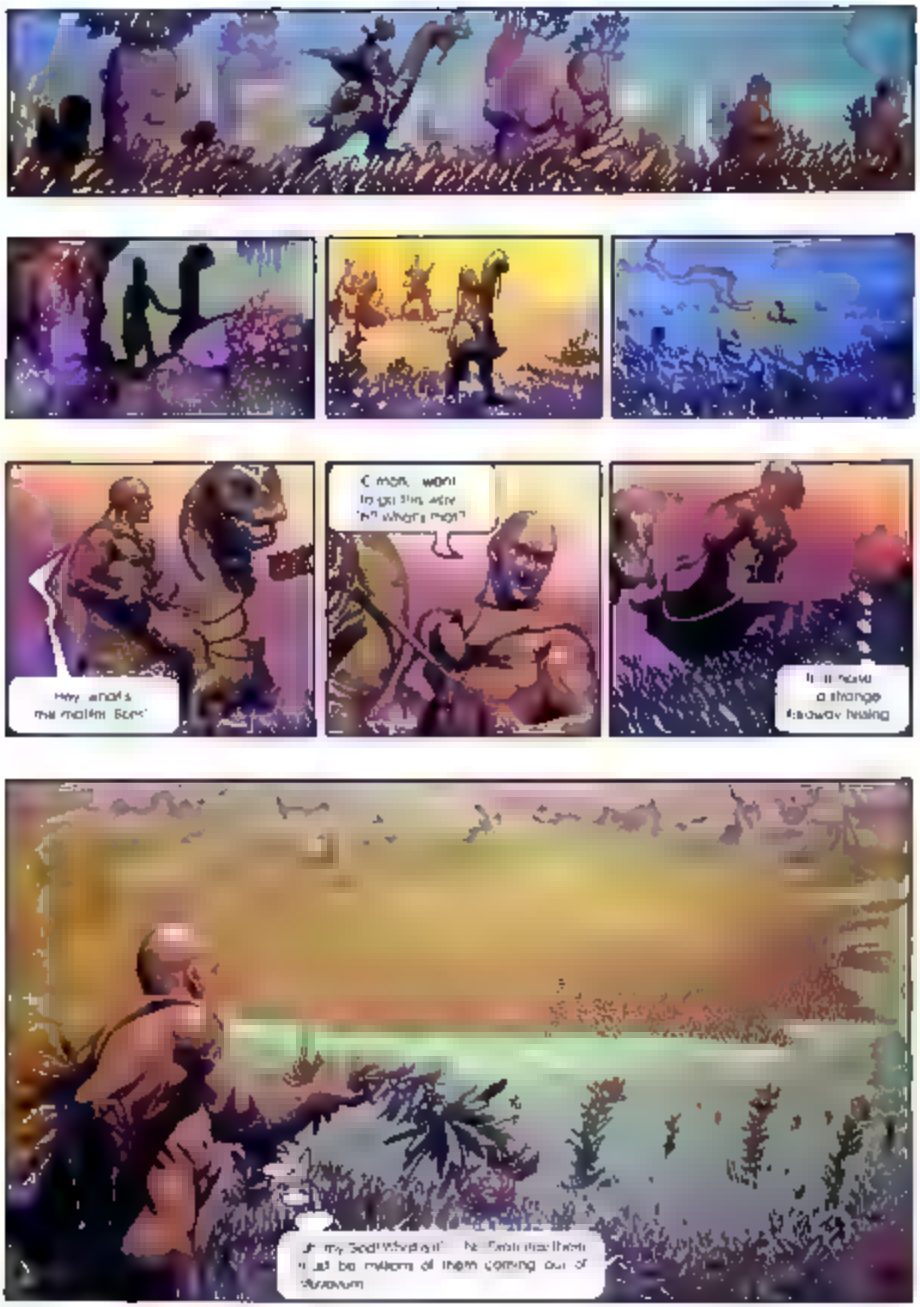
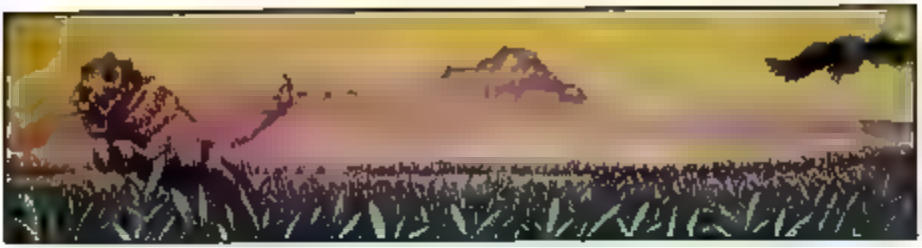
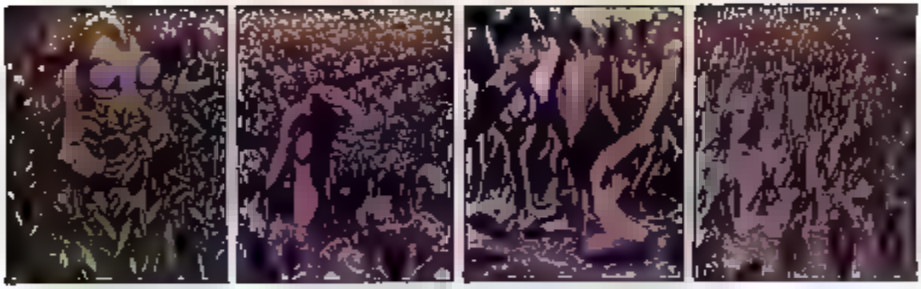


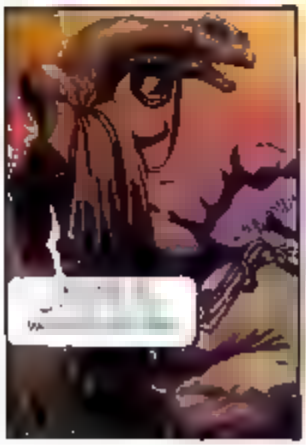

You saved
Ha ha ha
ha ha ha
ha ha ha
ha ha ha
ha ha ha
ha ha ha

Wah-
around, though there are many men of the orunga who desperately want what I gave you


Hey, what's the matter, Sons?
C'mon... want to go this way, 'eh? What's that?
It's a strange faraway hissing
Oh, my God! What's it? ... No! Don't tell them it just be millions of them coming out of Museum







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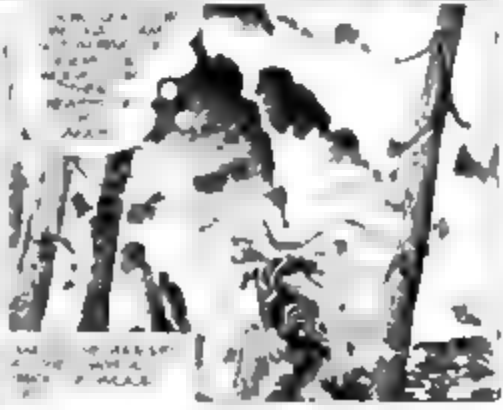
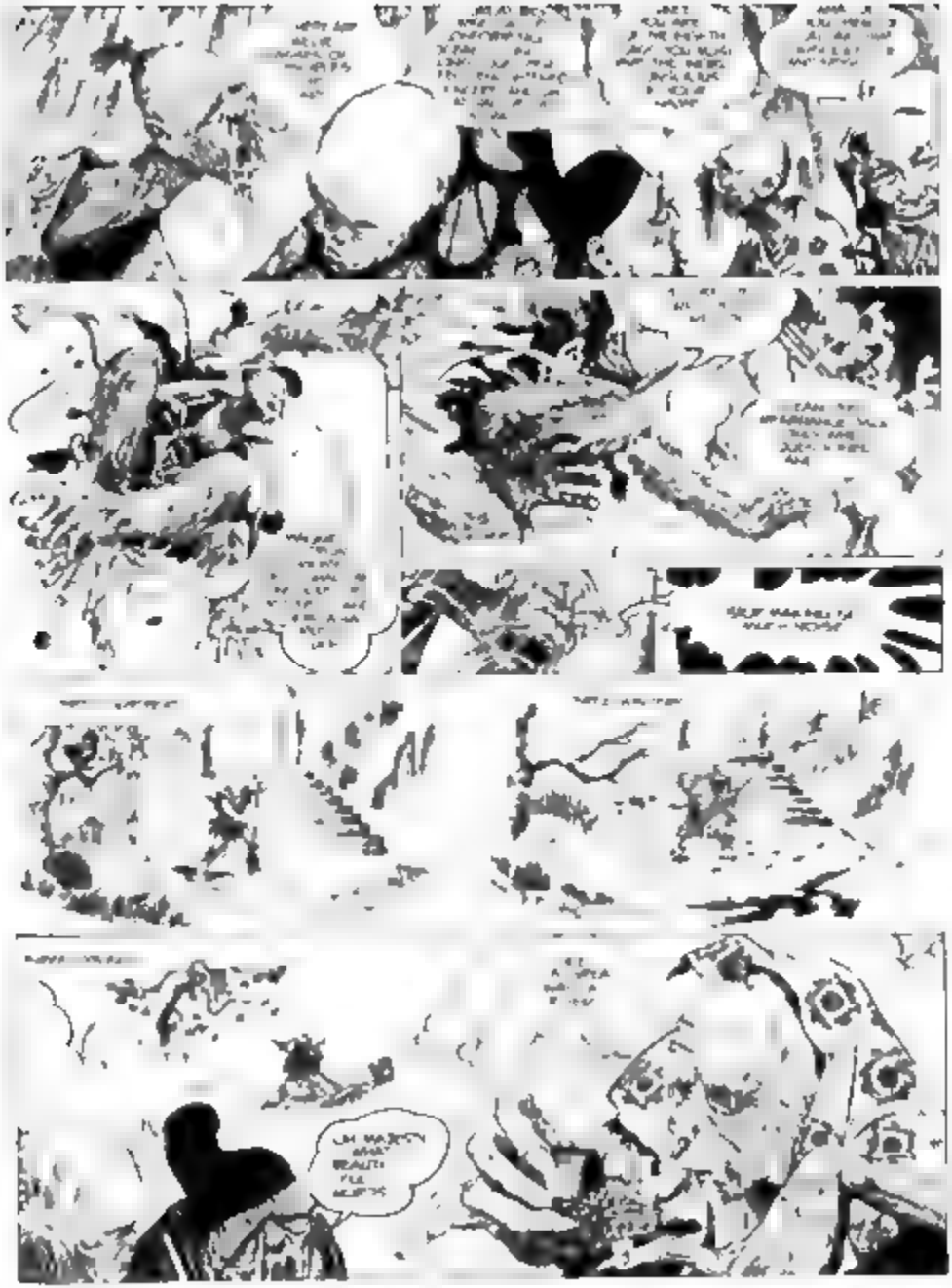


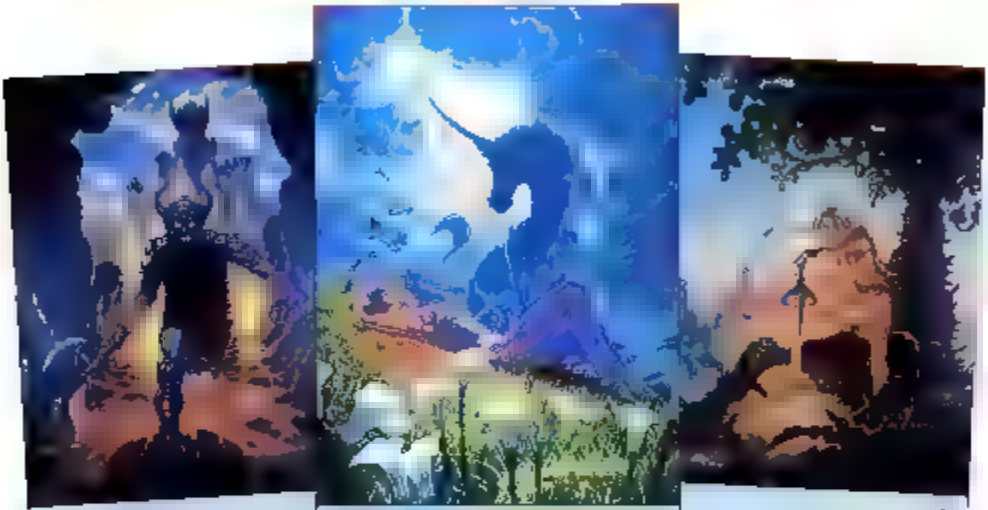
GROTTO OF THE OBLIQUE MOON THE SALTED TERRACE AND THE THREE STARS ON THE MOUNTAIN
DOCTOR IN
DOCTO IN



SCHALAFF

MIND
SOUL
BREATH
I CAN TEACH ONLY THAT
AND THE SNAKE...

Ah, those Brothers Hildebrandt!



2

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City State Zip

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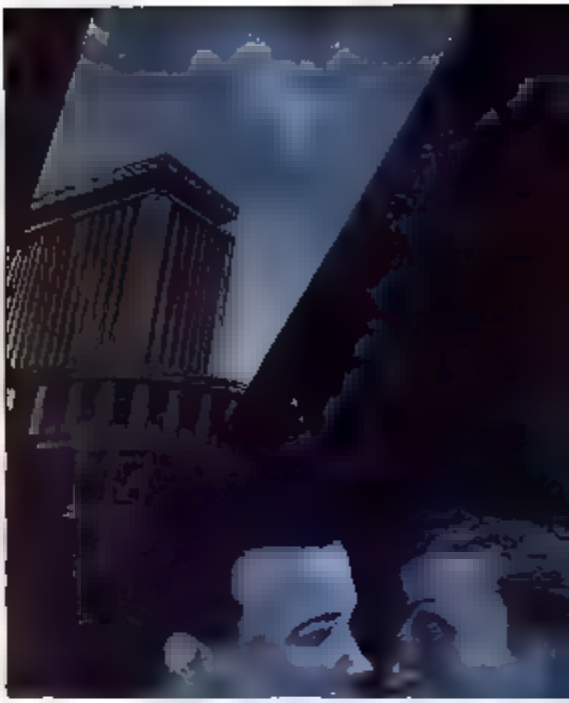
Baltard 3



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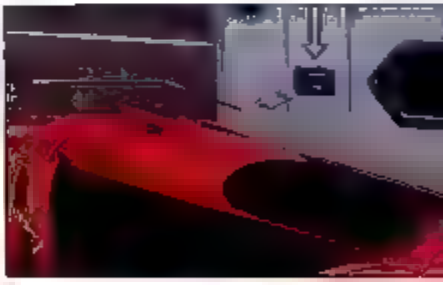
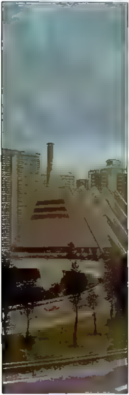
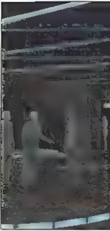


CARDS INVALID

"here's the dome [illegible] Pop [illegible] right next door [illegible] near the ga[illegible]y where I [illegible]

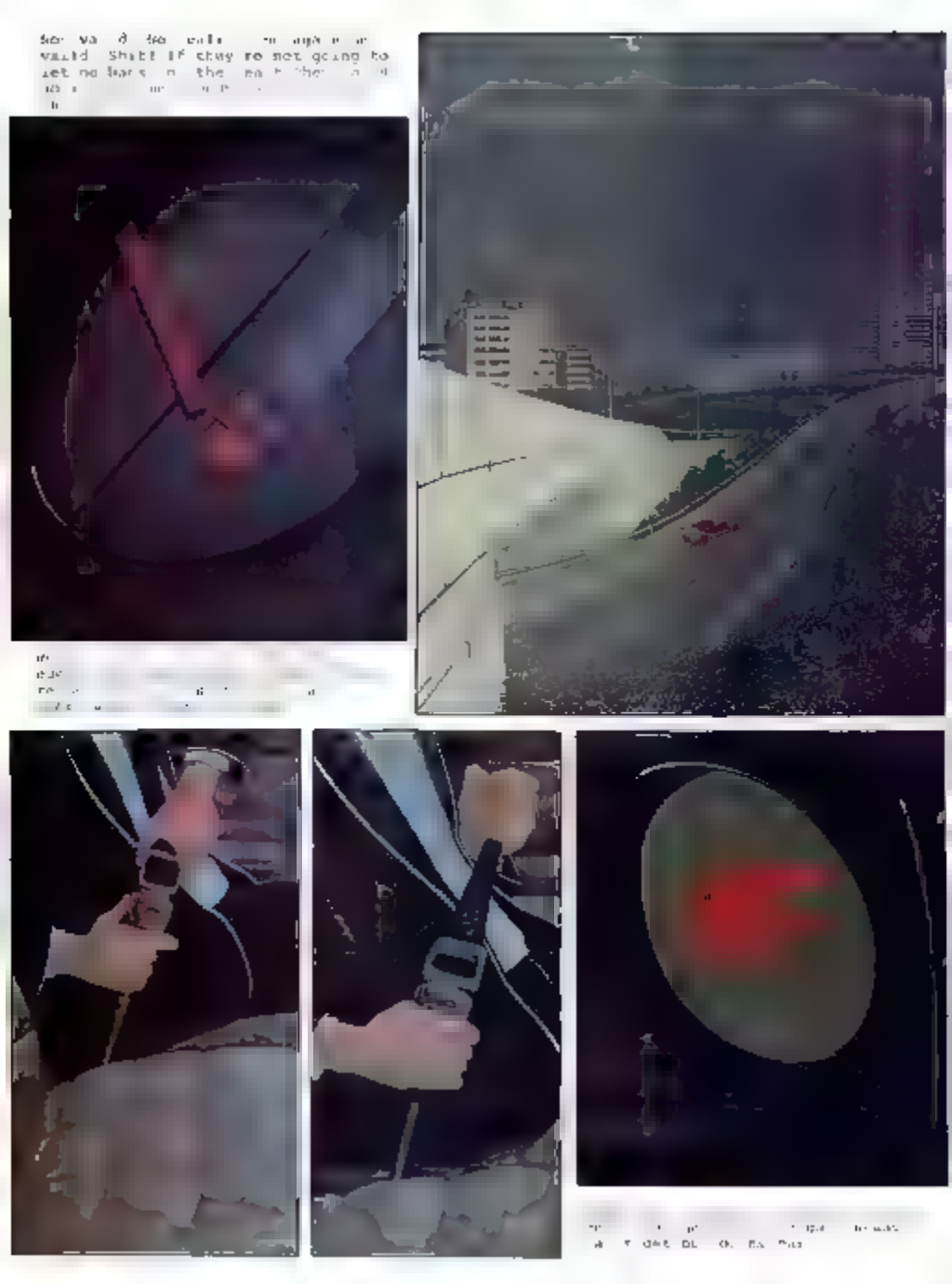




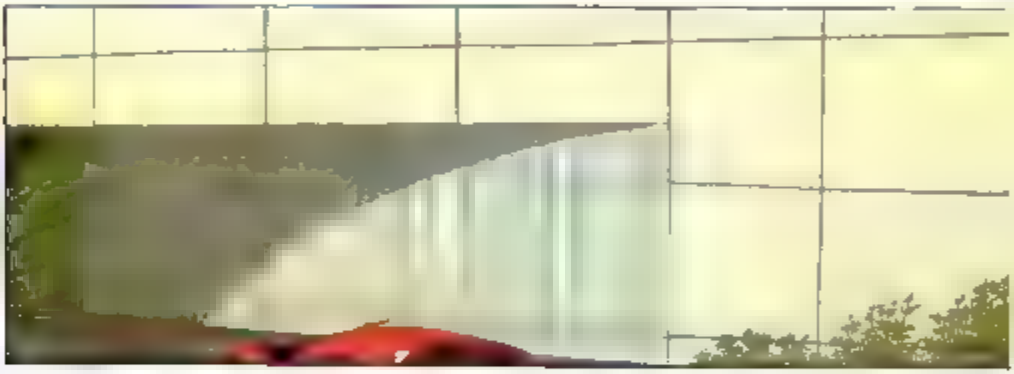
[illegible] how we used [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] I remember [illegible] It's [illegible] back [illegible] the last time I saw her [illegible] came and they asked [illegible] they must have done something to [illegible] but [illegible]

[illegible] a problem [illegible] we would have been able to

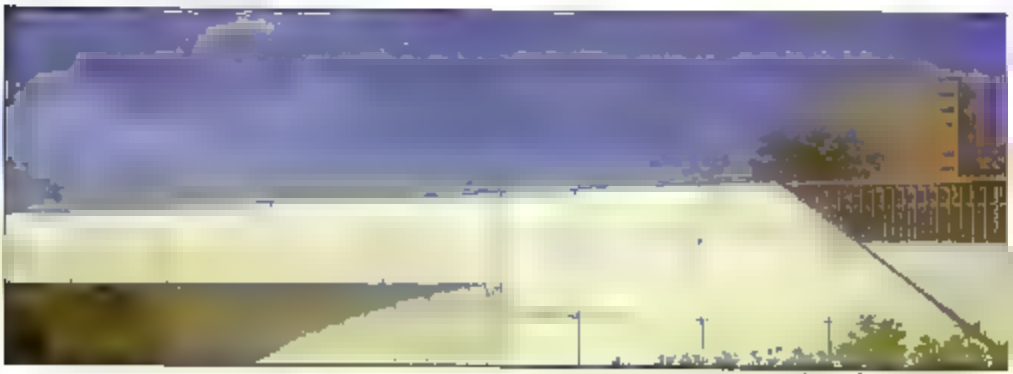
NOT VALID IN
BALTARD 3.
GASOLINE
REFUSED!



Why won't they let me out of here? I've been [illegible] condemned [illegible] death. Did they do this to Pop and Kress when they left? [illegible] delirious [illegible] this whole thing [illegible] crazy [illegible] be happening to me.



The heat [illegible] there are [illegible] green [illegible] Let me [illegible] I [illegible] you [illegible] you must have [illegible] [illegible] not [illegible] you was.



[illegible] How could you let them do this to me? How [illegible] you [illegible] and [illegible] beach [illegible] and your [illegible] How could you? How? How? What? What is that you [illegible] I can't hear you. Oh. Narayo.

ADVANCED VIDEOLOGY
THE MUSIC VIDEO INTERFACE

BY ALAN HECHT

Video animation by Todd Rundgren and Woody Wilson for the Rundgren-directed The Planets, set to Tomita's synthesized version of Gustav Holst's symphony in 1981 Utopia Video Corp.

Toni Basil goes Venetian in her *Word of Mouth* video. P

From *The Lesson*, directed by Robert Ashley, John Sanborn, and Kit Fitzgerald; music by Robert Ashley. Courtesy Performing Artservices.

David Van Tieghem beats his way over a mailbox in the Sanborn/Fitzgerald-directed "Ear to the Ground" (Antarctica).

[illegible]

[illegible] along the [illegible] what [illegible] than had approach, [illegible] their background [illegible] people. [illegible]

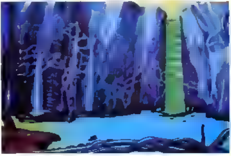
Road Runner [illegible] *Mouth* [illegible] *Easy Rider* [illegible] England [illegible] *Mouth* [illegible] England [illegible] *Word of Mouth* [illegible]

When [illegible] video [illegible] language [illegible]

Strangely enough [illegible] Roundgreen [illegible] *The Picture* [illegible]

Ian Anderson as Aqualung in a scene from Jethro Tull's Slipstream video (Chrysalis Visual Programming) directed by David Mallet

David Bowie in Pierrot drag, from the Bowie/Mallet-directed 'Ashes to Ashes' promo video



Venusian [illegible] video [illegible] Mallet [illegible]

[illegible] daydream from *The Tubes Video* (Thorn-EMI), directed by Russell Mulcahy, music by the Tubes

cation, and places us in a dimensional reality.

The Planets [illegible] pop [illegible] Rock [illegible] video, people don't take that much time." Produced at his [illegible] Utopia Video studios, the [illegible] A, though a bit withered by age, The Planets [illegible] tion never available to film editors because of the expense [illegible] and processing, versus the [illegible] editing.

[illegible] Roone ABC's Arledge lineage [illegible] only briefly thought about [illegible] dances an arm, the motion is broken into a sequence of [illegible] jump cut, and the final 25 percent played out in variable speeds, all in less than half a second. You can bet your [illegible] featured.

Time distortion can be con[illegible] language. When we see the finish of an action before the beginning, then see the middle then almost the end, and then the beginning, time becomes relative. Perhaps it took Sanborn and Fitzgerald to bring Einstein to video.

Sanborn and Fitzgerald find it

[illegible] can accentuate people's daily rhythms, including their own, creating a visual rhythm which marks their work. They believe visual rhythms are musical and more. "We believe images edited together can be music." Infinite motion, then, may be [illegible] the future music-video interface—where the edit is a musical event and mixtures are not cut to sound, or sound to picture, or live events recorded, but rather where fusion occurs—original [illegible] is interfaced in a type of open [illegible] creations.

"As a TV but [illegible] declares Chuck Mitchell, the perceptive director of special programs for RCA Selectavision. A video executive echoing [illegible] indications of the depth of videology's penetration. In the [illegible] the largest potential museum in existence: television. On American cable TV networks as diverse as MTV (twenty-four hours a day), HBO ("Video Jukebox"), Showtime ("Take Five"), the Video Music Channel, and the USA Network ("Night Flight") show videos, as [illegible] like "Solid Gold," and "Entertainment Tonight." European [illegible] present music-videos on national prime-time chart shows. Home video companies like Warners, Pioneer, RCA, CBS and Thorn-EMI acquire and produce long-form music videos, while record companies continually produce short-form music videos. "Cutting edge" production centers like Vision and No Miss Studios in England, WNET TV/Lab in New York, Utopia Video in Beaverville, Pacific Arts Video in Santa [illegible] the Arts, and New York Image [illegible] are constantly exploring the limitless potential of video technology. These phenomena—availability of production funds, exhibition [illegible] state-of-the-art technology—are key incentives urging musicians to pour more originality into music-video than any other area of creative expression in [illegible]

There are no rules, no authority figures. Imaginations are [illegible]

SUGGESTED VIDEOTAPING

TONI BASIL
LP: *Mind of Mouth* [illegible]
45: "Once in a Lifetime"
[illegible] Heads

BRIAN GRANT
LP: *Phoenix* [illegible]
45: "Big Mark" [illegible]
[illegible]

BONNIE MCKEE ADAMS
LP: [illegible] Thorn EMI [illegible]
[illegible]
45: "Nervous" [illegible]
[illegible]

DAVID BOWIE (WITH MICK JAGGER)
45: "Absolute Beginners"
[illegible]
[illegible]

TODD RUNDGREN
LP: *The Pleasure Principle*
45: "Bang the Drum" (Rundgren)
"Time Heals" (Rundgren)

SANBORN & FITZGERALD
LP: *The Dream of Wires* (Warners [illegible] available for [illegible] with David Sanborn, Stephen Fitzgerald, [illegible] Tingham)
"Secretary" (Wayne Hays Blues-Bill Kirchen)
[illegible]

MICHAEL SHRIVE
LP: *Stephen Pearcy* (Pacific Arts Video)

STEVE GOODMAN & STATLER
LP: *Men Who Make the Music* (Warner Bros.)

GORDON SUMNER
LP: *Dream Jar* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

American videos are distributed by Electronic Arts International, 66 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

RUN AMOK THROUGH FANTASY...

. . . BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

Suddenly, one of you screams, "HEY! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THIS?" So you pull out the ol' EC horrors, jump into your new *Heavy Metal* jackets and/or T's, and you're in seventh heaven.

Heavy Metal is offering, just in time for Christmas, the newest in fantasy wear. This lovely silver, satinlike jacket is equipped with a cotton lining and front pockets, too. Our original HM T-shirt is also available.

So order today! Pick up a few for stocking stuffers, too.

Heavy Metal
Dept. HM 3-10
[illegible] Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Name

Address

City State Zip

The prices below include postage and handling per item.

I'd like *Heavy Metal* jackets, sm. med. lge., at $35.00 each.

And why not HM T-shirts, sm. med. lge. / red black, at $8.75 each.

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

YRAGAEL
AND THE CITY BECAME
AN OCEAN, A NECROPOLIS OF CREVASSES,
OF GOLD, OF STONES, AND OF IDOLS
UNDER THE SUN, VEILED
WITH CLOUDS AND MIST...

AND THE ERRANT CARAVAN OF EMBLEMS, FACES, ARMS, AND OF TOTEMS SPREAD OVER THE DESERT WHICH REMAINED OF LIFE AND OF HATRED IN CEMEROON

CREATURES OF CHAOS - YOU DARE TO TEAR THE EARTH - YOU WANT NIGHT - YOU CALL FOR FIRE - YOU STRIKE A KINGDOM - THERE WHERE MY EYE SEES - ALL THAT IS PAST -
GODS OF AVARICE AND CAPRICE TO PROFANE WHAT YOU HAVE CREATED YOU SHALL HAVE LIGHT YOU SHALL HAVE OCEAN I SHALL RAISE AN EMPIRE YOU DO NOT EXIST NOTHING HAS BEGUN

BETWEEN THE WALLS OF THE INVERTED STREETS.
BETWEEN THE MOUTHS OF THE OVERTHROWN GODS.
HE GAINED ACCESS TO THE NEW DOOR THROUGH
WHICH HE LOST HIMSELF... IN THE DESERT...

This is the story of the fall of the last empire on earth, of the ultimate domain still to bear the stamp of the creator gods who assisted at the hatching of the universe.

This concerns the city of Spharain, dried up heart of the kingdom of Cemeroon which ruled for long between east and west and whose sovereigns, mindless or great, possessed or deified were all the heirs of the vision and of the fixation which said that the Eye of the Cosmos, the initial round slag of the great furnace of the worlds, rested on this face of the earth called Cemeroon.

Of this Eye the Vortex was the pupil pit of nothingness and of stars opened on the past but the future too, tunnel, temple, and cemetery.

According to certain wandering priests from the lost cities of Cemeroon Karzell, Menastree, Ivegome, the Vortex was only the sign of the prophecy which foretold the whirlwind of the end of all times, of the revolt of the peaceful dragons of Cemeroon, the prelude to chaos.

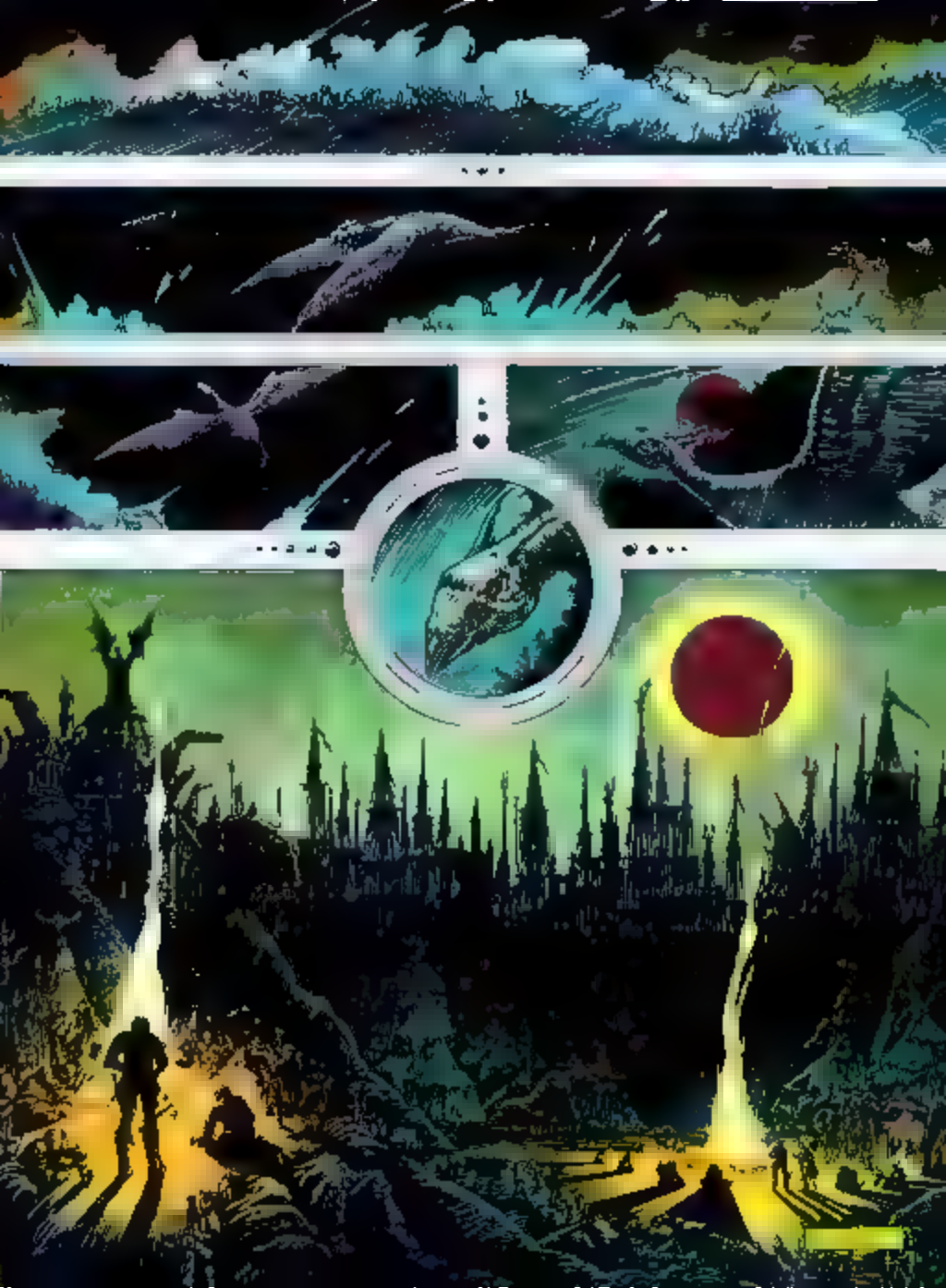
On the first occasion strange, funny creatures and numberless cruel and frenetic ones, like insects, came from the north, where mountains sometimes seem to come out of the invisible.

On a second occasion the earth itself has struck and torn the harmonious design of the coasts, submerging palaces, fracturing spirits, giving birth to the age of impostors and of outrages.

This is the story of Yragael, bearer of the Vision, heir to the throne of Spharain, and of the terrifying and sad battle against his mad brother, Saber of Trismonde.

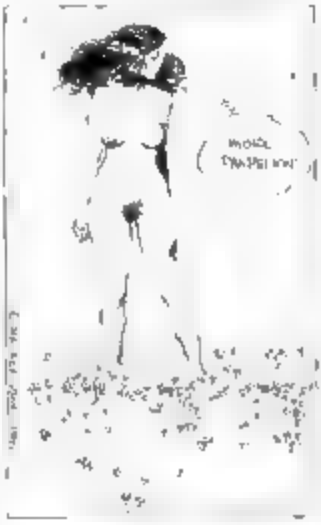
This is the ballad of the fragile and frightening love that noble male ever bore towards an enchantress.

And this is also the tale of the end of mankind.



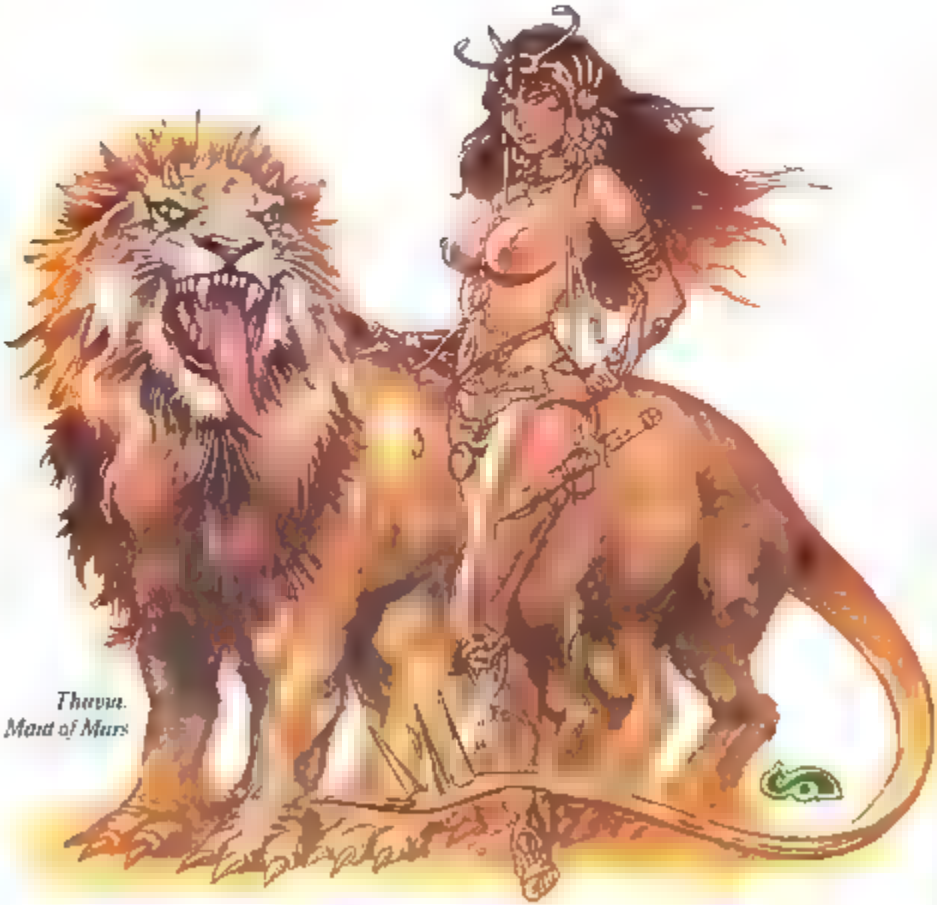
I'M AGE

© J. Jones 1982



BARSOOM!

or, Tremble Not, My Naked Princess! or, Who Was that Mighty Swordsman in the Leather Harness?



by Richard A. Lupoff Illustrated by Clyde Caldwell

Iowa urchins sneaking off to thrill to the yarns in *All Story Weekly*: urban Arabs, tired businessmen, and unliberated women who snuck glances at the male-oriented pulp magazines, certainly got their charge from this stuff. The year was 1912. They were reading the first published work of a new author: Norman Bean. "Under the Moons of Mars."

That was the magazine version. The author was really more interested in beautiful princesses than in hurtling rocks, and for the story's book version he retitled the saga *A Princess of Mars*. Under that title it's still alive and kicking.

"Norman Bean," of course, was Edgar Rice Burroughs. The odd pseudonym was the unfortunate result of an unsuccessful pun. Burroughs had meant it to be "Normal Bean"—"Sane Head." When a proofreader did him the "favor" of changing Normal to Norman, Ed gave up and went back to his real monicker.

Who was this Burroughs/Bean guy, anyhow?

He was a Midwestern business flop, washout, onetime soldier, pots-and-pans peddler, magazine staff-man, advertising checker, military academy teacher, railroad cop, goldminer himself, onetime cowboy, ex-proprietor of a sundries shop and bookstore in Pocatello, Idaho. Pushing middle age by now. He wrote *A Princess of Mars* in 1911. It was serialized in 1912.

He lived what we might politely term a

vivid fantasy life

The baby was crying, Mama had another in the oven. Papa was broke and out of work. He used to lie there at night. Visions of unpaid bills danced in his head. A lot pleasanter to fantasize.

Gee... if he could only be something glamorous. How's about a cavalry captain? Riding his sleek mount across the arid Arizona plains, fighting fierce savages, searching for gold.

Where do we go from there?

What happens after the Arizona schtick?

When

Jump to the angry red planet. Grumpy green Martians up to *here!* Ten, twelve, fifteen feet high. With tusks no less. Funny ears. No hair. Six limbs.

Lots of room for excitement, there plenty of swordplay and adventure. Hmm, but kind of lacking in the potential for (to put it delicately) love interest. Read carefully. Burroughs seemed to be edging in that direction for awhile, but he couldn't quite bring himself.

Green folks had their limitations, bring in some *red* ones.

Convenient, too, that nobody wandered around Mars (they called it *Barsoom*) overburdened with bulky clothes. In fact, the custom tended more towards going around in the buff.

Burroughs's Martians didn't much favor anti-weapons laws. In fact it was customary to keep at least a longsword and a shortsword handy, not to mention a little pigsticker concealed here or there in case of emergency, and if you aren't outfitted

with any togs, you might find it handy to deck your body with an assortment of straps, hooks, scabbards and the like.

Frees up the hands for more urgent tasks, don't you see?

So, bring on the *red* Martians. We start off with a prisoner of the grumpy green giants, one Dejah Thoris, who turns out to be the daughter of the biggest Jeddak emperor on the whole planet. John Carter, intrepid earthman and hero of Burroughs's Martian novels, tells us about this princess: "... the sight which met my eyes was that of a slender girlish figure, similar in every detail to the earthly women of my past life. ... Her skin was of a light reddish copper color, against which the crimson glow of her cheeks and the ruby of her beautifully molded lips shone with a strangely enhancing effect."

Okay. Got some more?

"She was as destitute of clothes as the green Martians who accompanied her, indeed, save for her highly wrought ornaments she was entirely naked, nor could any apparel have enhanced the beauty of her perfect and symmetrical figure."

You betcha, pal!

Ed provided Barsoom with a complete history, geography, zoology, botany, economy, technology. The works. At no time forgetting to keep the landscape well populated with gorgeously undraped women, most of whom he generously furnished with perfect and symmetrical figures.

Well, why not?

Not only did he scatter the landscape with

The Chessmen of Mars

green folks and red folks, but also (in due course) with yellow, black, and white folks, plus plant-men, six-limbed giant apes, rats, dogs, and horses. Plus some bizarre, ucky creatures something like a cross between a crab and a tick, that specialized in riding around on the shoulders of a race of headless, brainless humans.

Not to mention ray-powered "fliers," aircraft that swooped or zoomed or wobbled their way through the thin Barsoomian atmosphere while sword-plying soldiers swarmed their decks and polished up their grapnels and belaying pins.

Those green nomads of the dead sea bottoms also had some advanced weapons—rifles that fired radium bullets, guided by radar sights, with a range of miles, and with solar detonators. Funny to think of those gigantic ginks with radium-powered rifles at their disposal, fighting it out with broadswords.

Or is it? Ever see a photo of a U.S. infantryman walking guard duty over an atomic howitzer with a fixed bayonet on the rifle on his shoulder?

One thing about the sex in Burroughs's Barsoomian books (or for that matter, in any of his others)—there's nothing explicit there that could turn an Iowa schoolmarm gray even in 1912.

Nothing explicit.

But there was plenty below the surface and not too far below the surface at that.

You have to judge any creative work against the milieu in which the author-art

ist/whatever worked. You just don't expect Rembrandt and Dali and Lichtenstein to do the same work. You don't expect the same kind of script from Euripedes, Ben Jonson, and John Carpenter.

So what kind of world was it that Burroughs worked in?

He started writing "Under the Moons: A *Princess of Mars* in 1911.

It wasn't exactly the Victorian age anymore. The old lady had been dead for ten years. Her son Edward, that notorious rake-hell and perennial Prince of Wales, had reigned for nine years and then he, too, died. *His* son George had just come to the throne when E.R.B. was dreaming up Dejah Thoris and Johnny Sec.

But who gives a damn about who was king of England anyhow? Burroughs was a Chicago boy. American to the marrow. Fatso Billy Taft was president of the U.S., and Teddy Roosevelt, who had handpicked Taft as his successor three years before, was preparing to hand*un*pick him and resume the presidency.

Tops-in pops music that year ran the gamut from Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band" to "Woodman, Woodman, Spare that Tree!" There was also "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and "Oh You Beautiful Doll."

Hottest book of the year was Clarence Mulford's *Hopalong Cassidy*. Hottest tickets on Broadway were "The Blue Bird" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." And in San Francisco the board of censors closed some

A Fighting Man of Mars

thirty-two motion pictures, including *The Black Viper* and *Maggie, the Dock Rat*.

Thing is, during that age of Victorian repression — which was when Burroughs was raised, albeit before he wrote — when they put pants on piano legs and wore flannel bags to bed so their limbs would not be exposed, sex didn't cease to exist. Little boys and girls wondered where they came from, and even if their elders told 'em about fairies and cabbages, the little ones must have figured out something better or eventually there would have been no more little girls and boys.

Contemporary books like *My Secret Life* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and later books like *The Other Victorians* tell a very different story than the sanitized "official" version put out by the upper crust. But even the "acceptable" literature of the day was jammed with sublimated sexuality.

Old Sir Henry Rider Haggard, greatest of the grand Victorian romancers, was full of it. Look at his books: *She*, *King Solomon's Mines*, *Montezuma's Daughter* and scores of others. They're full of nudity, of gloriously shining women, sweaty, muscular men, love goddesses and love-slaves.

And along came Ed Burroughs who poured *his* frustrations and repressions into *his* stories, and out came naked princesses and supermacho warriors in leather harnesses.

In between volumes of the long Barsoomian saga, Burroughs worked away at other books, turning out Tarzan novels and westerns and more science fiction like *The Moon*

Mund and *The Land That Time Forgot* and the Anti-man saga, about one Carson Napier who travels to Venus and discovers a planet of beautiful princesses, monstrous creatures, and leering villains. And the splendid Pellucidar series, *At the Earth's Core* and its sequels—the adventures of David Innes of Connecticut in the strange timeless region that lies 400 miles straight down through the crust of the planet. Would you believe that it's full of beautiful women who don't wear much clothing?

But science fiction fans in Burroughs's day put Barsoom at the top of their reading lists. And Burroughs's day was a long one. *Under the Moons of Mars* was the first story Burroughs ever sold, and the first to see print. Followed by *Tarzan of the Apes* and all the rest. But *Llana of Gathol*, the tenth and final Martian novel, was the *last* of Burroughs's works to be published before he died in 1950.

He opened his act with Barsoom, and he closed it the same way. Make what you will of that.

All of the Martian novels have their moments—moments that sizzle and live in the reader's mind, that illustrators have loved for decades. The earliest Burroughs illustrators—Frank Schoonover, J. Allen St. John, the distinguished N.C. Wyeth, the famous Hal Foster. And the later ones—Reed Crandall, Al Williamson, Frank Frazetta. The strange, surrealistic Mahlon Blaine, whose drawings in the Canaveral Press editions of the 1960s are like nothing else you've ever seen.

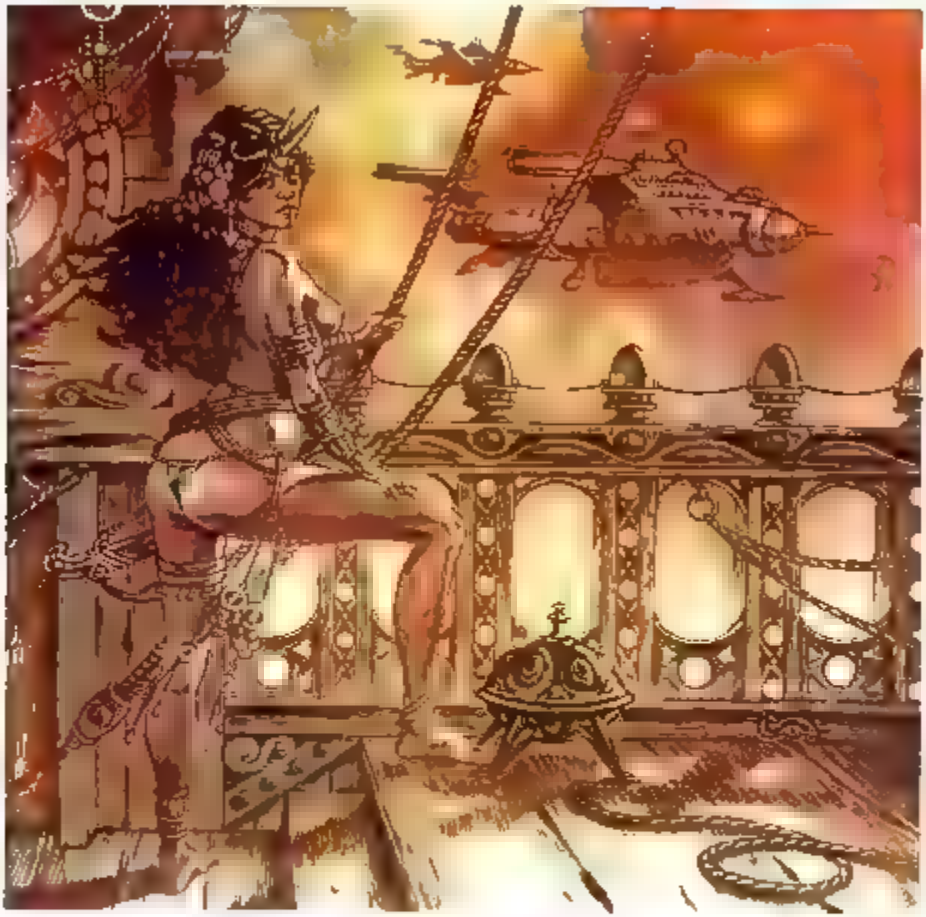
Hey, and this guy Caldwell is good! His paintings capture much of the color and the spirit of exoticism that pervade the Barsoomian books. But I think, beyond that, that Caldwell expresses the sexuality that runs through Burroughs better than any earlier illustrator.

In those earlier days, of course, there was a question of what an illustrator could get away with. I'm sure you've seen cover paintings from the 1940s and fifties or even later with bits of drapery, hardware, or anything else handy—conveniently intervening twixt lower torso and character's anatomy.

Virgil Finlay, one of the greatest of the

The Warlord of Mars

The Gods of Mars



Liana of Gathol

pulp illustrators, used to send up screens of shimmering bubbles to protect his audience from the sight of so much as a corrupting nipple. Even the great Frank Frazetta, working in the 1960s and seventies, suffered an occasional attack of fig leaf syndrome.

But Caldwell portrays human anatomy pretty much as Ol' Ma Nature sculpted it. I would like to direct your attention in particular to Caldwell's portrayal of Thuvia (she's the lady with the six-legged lion) and Liana (the babe on the deck of the Barsoomian air-ship).

Well, all right, there's some exaggeration there. It's a pin-up show.

Yup. But that's part of Burroughs.

Burroughs wasn't all slash-and-hack. And while his love scenes are cloaked in the genteel and flowery talk of his day, behind the scenes lurked the kind of things Caldwell brings into the open.

Gar-damn, those are lusty, fleshy folks in those books. You can bet they didn't come home from a hard day on the arid plain to talk about flower arranging and then bed down by ones.

Come on.

Three cheers, say I, for Clyde Caldwell. Let the Puritans paint mother hubbards over their copies of the pix. ●

MOEBIUS

stop cutting one end 180° and attaching it to the other end."

ence fiction, adventure, the absurd, and sex (and occasionally absurd sex)

ions, in this glorious full-color sixteen

Heavy Metal, Dept. 302, 635 Madison Avenue, NYC, NY 10022

Name

Address

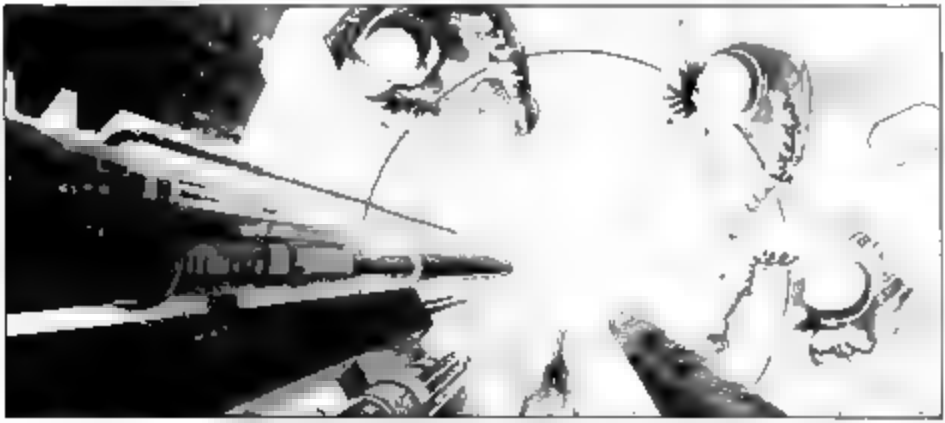
City

OBJECT

COMPUTE ... COMPUTE ... READOUT ... REALTIME /// Ø

Concept and Graphics by Mike Hinge
© 1975, 1977, 1978, 1982

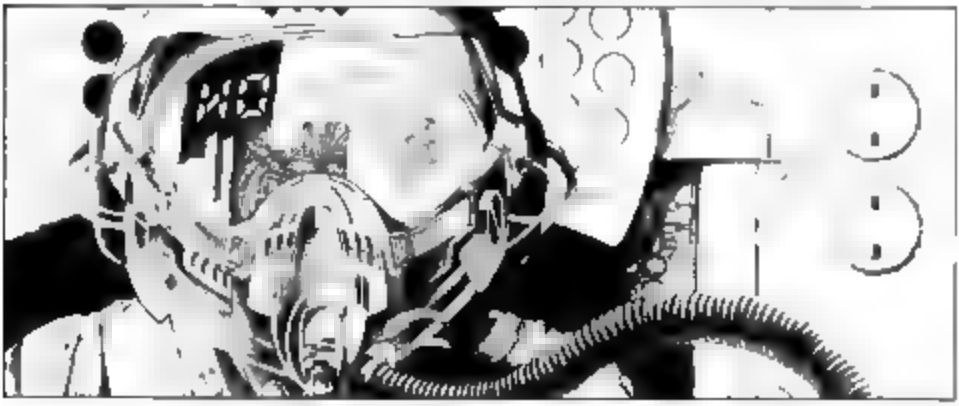
Bridge to Admiral Chatfield Request interface Urgent!"

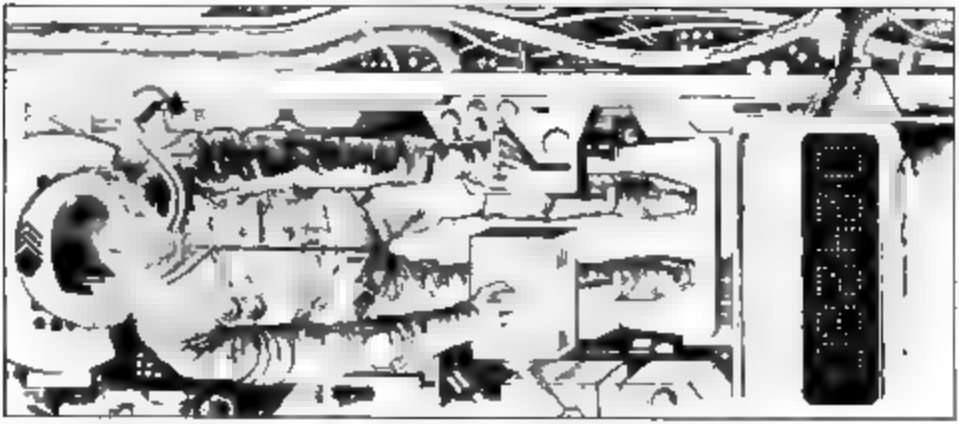


Navigation to Admiral Instruments report unplotted object

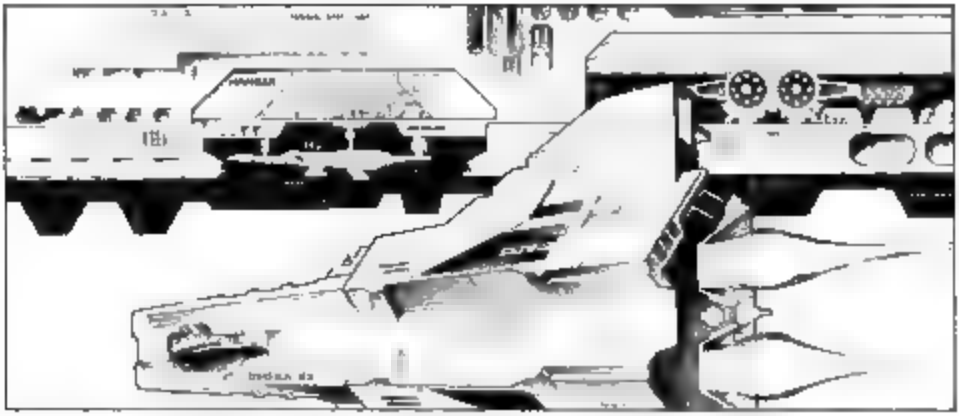
Omega scramble Pilots suit up Battlestations!"

Rendezvous 206 hours plus or minus seconds Bearing 3 o'clock

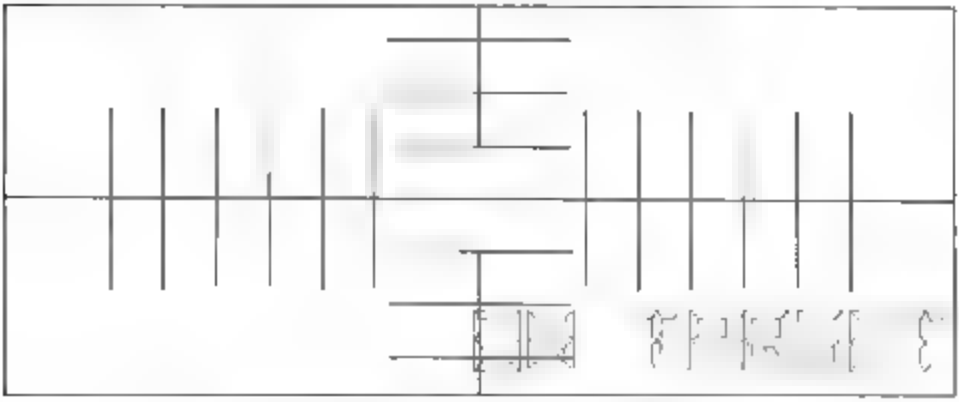




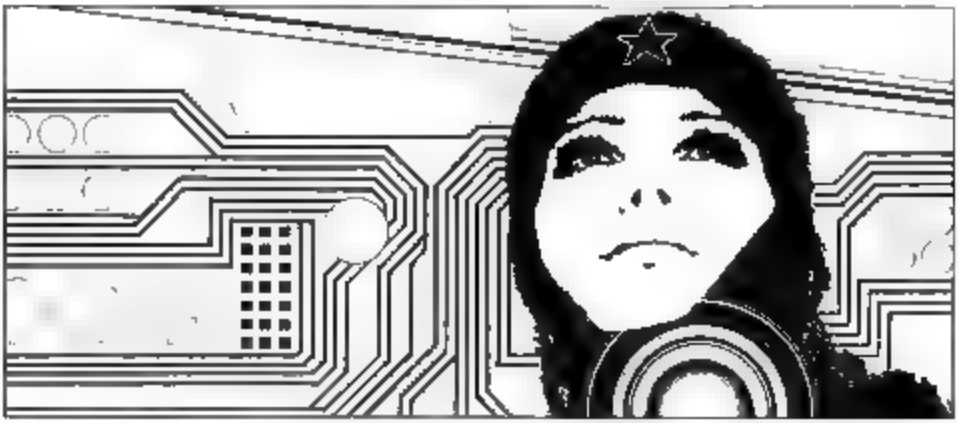
"Countdown zero Launch 22



22 flight path Now compute tangent . Drop 2.



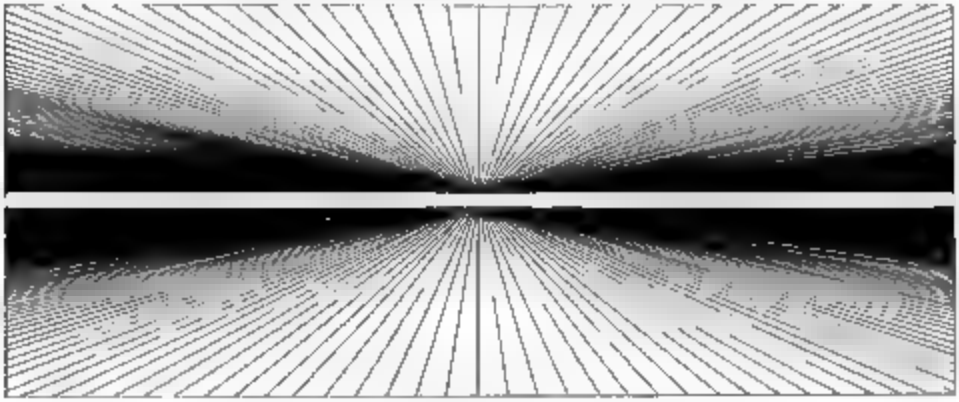
Radio interference S-Band, 5200 MHz



'Repeat we do not have a planetary body here

Flux pattern uncontrollable Divert load!

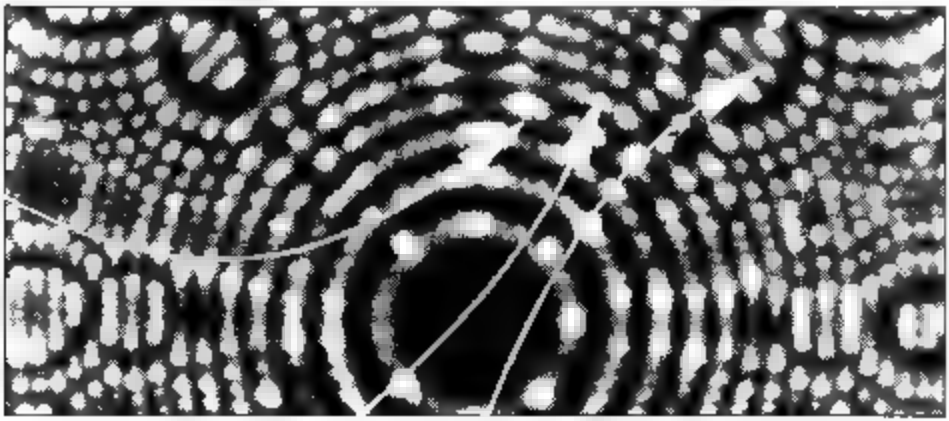
2K candlepower and rising Lumens past count



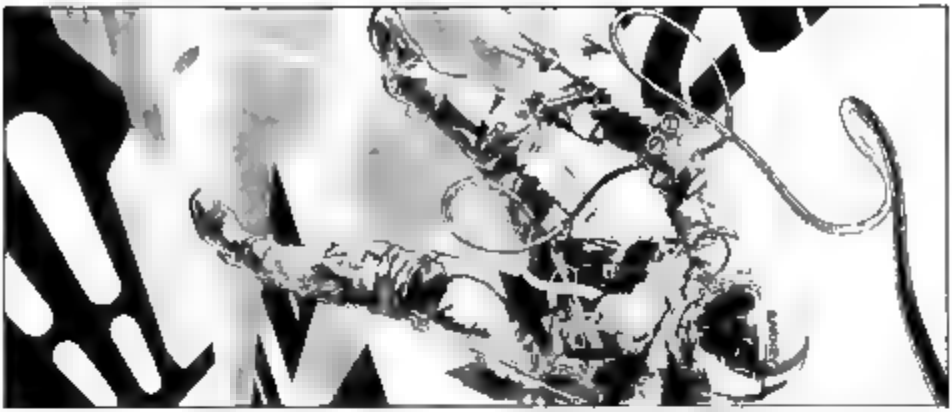
2279.5 MHz 70 kilobits OVERLOAD!

"What in blue blazes was that?"

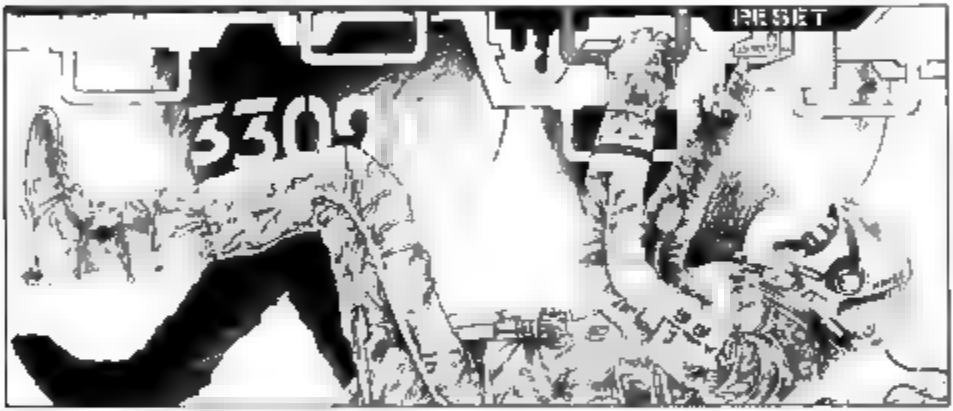
Captain. We've lost interceptors 21 and 22 sir



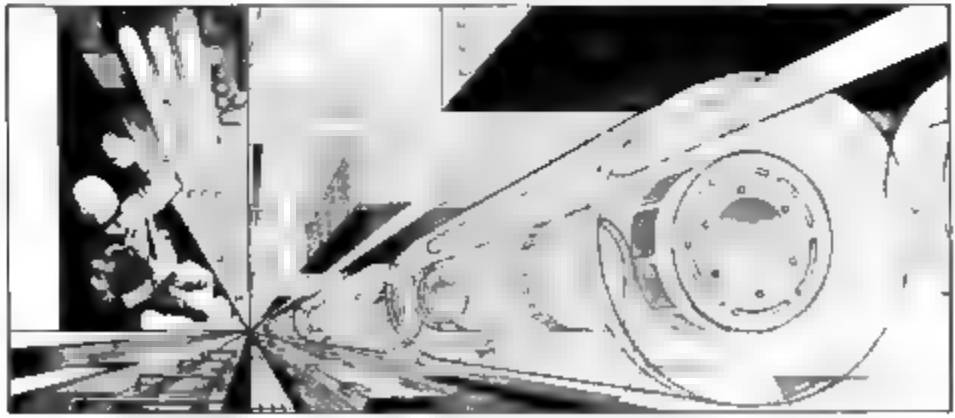
Check force screen. Disperse sensor drones



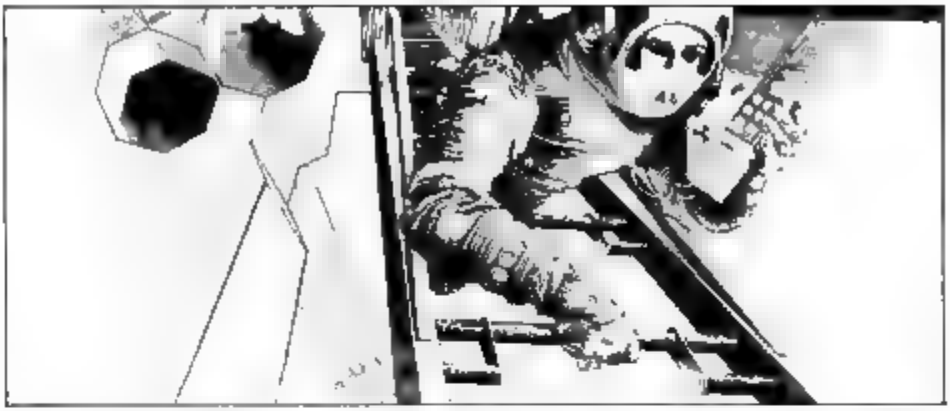
"23 deck life support system okay Check



Cyb[illegible] dance repaired Check



Drive [illegible] pes aligned [illegible] lasers synched

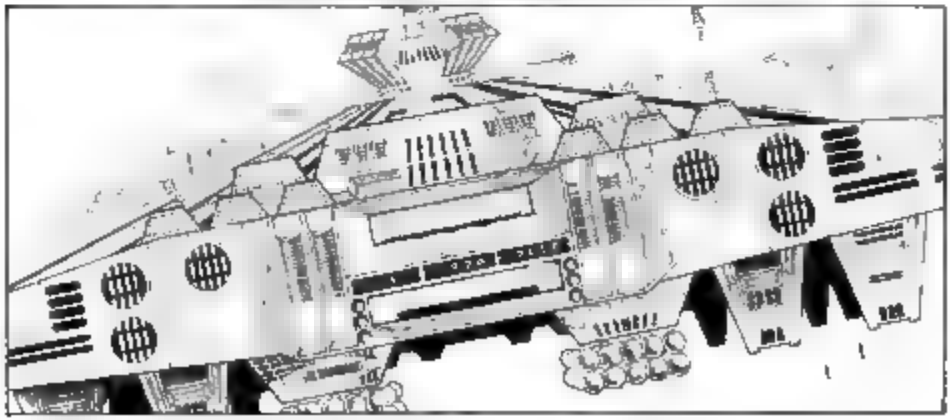


Do we have a leak?

Negative

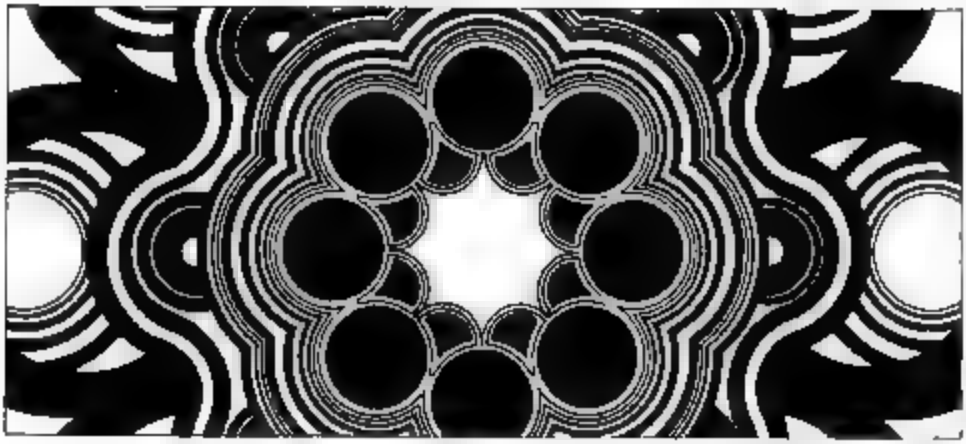
All systems go

Lake Hills on Drive

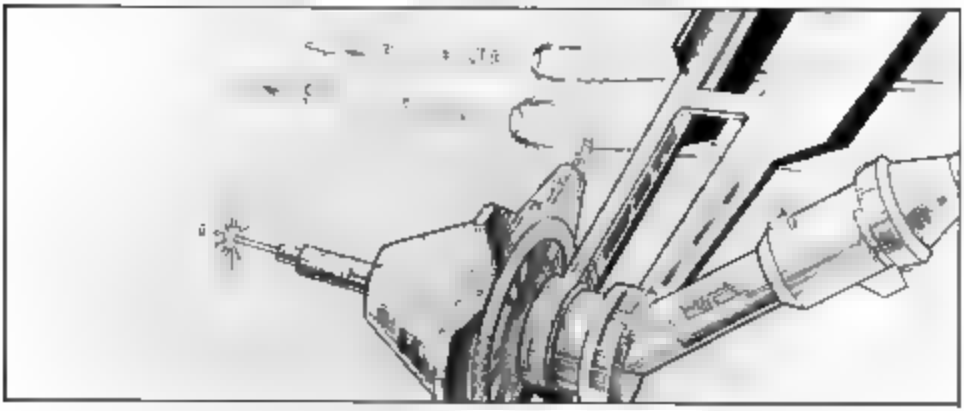


Force screen on

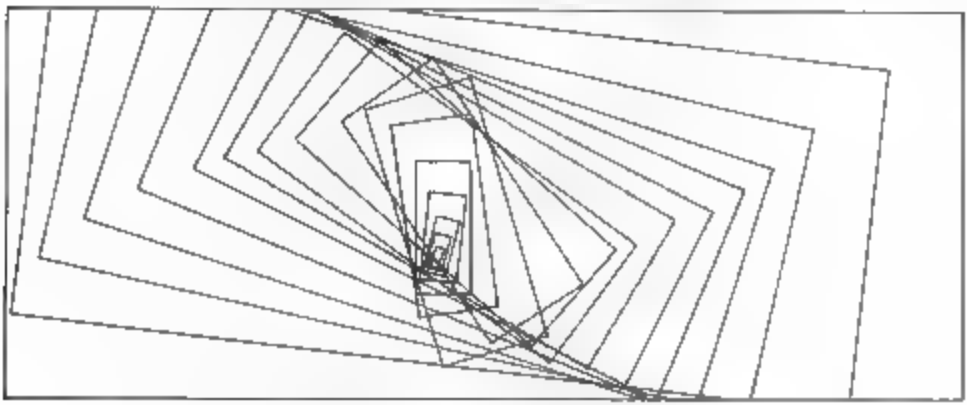
Vector tractor beam



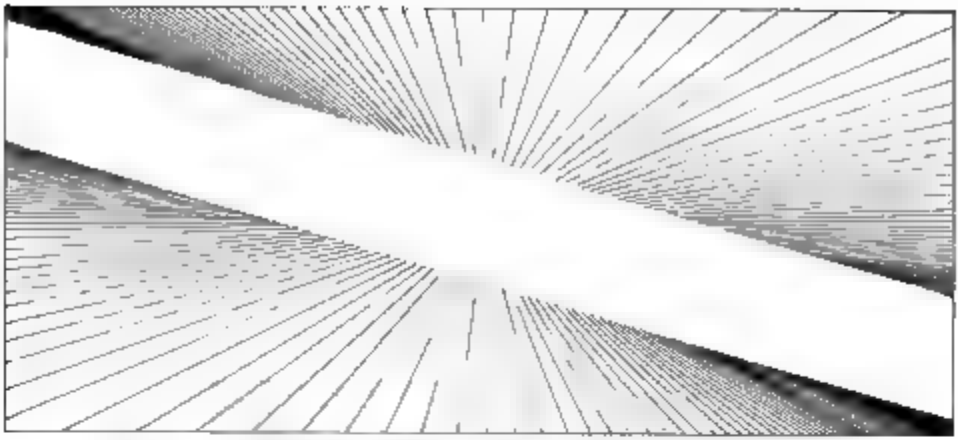
Warp syn[illegible] J[illegible]



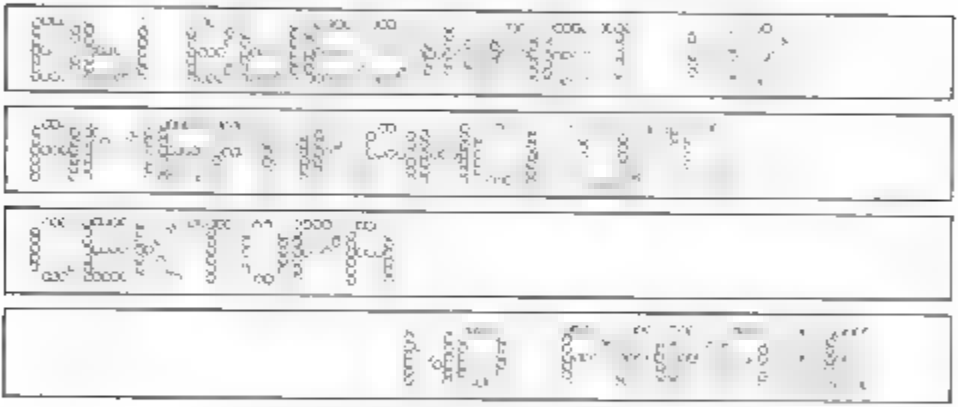
Lasers charged Weapons [illegible] safe cocked



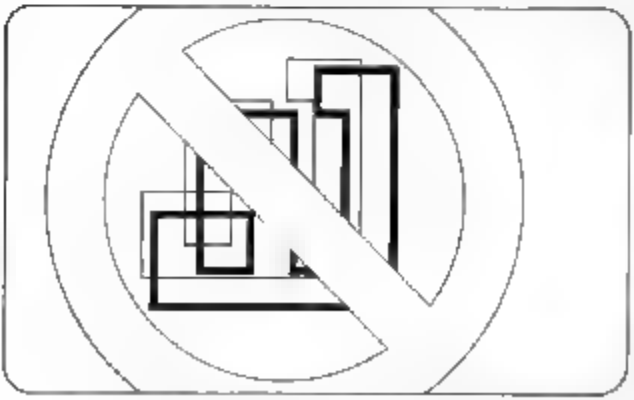
THIS IS YOUR FLIGHT PATH. MAX TANGENT. MIN RANGE.

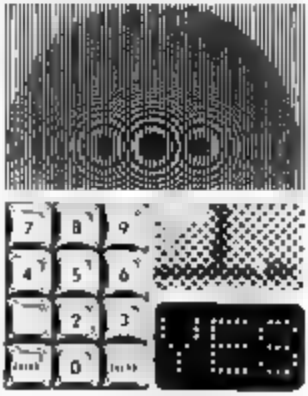


ENERGY GATE...NAVIGATION SLOT OPENING.

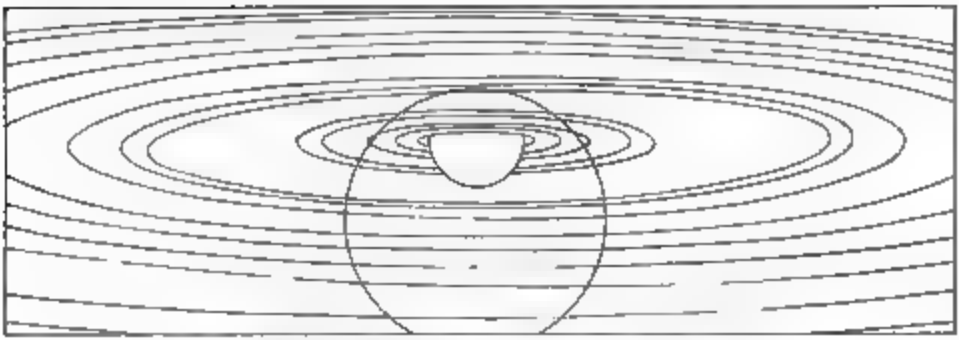


ALL ALIENS MUST REGISTER THIS SUN-YEAR.

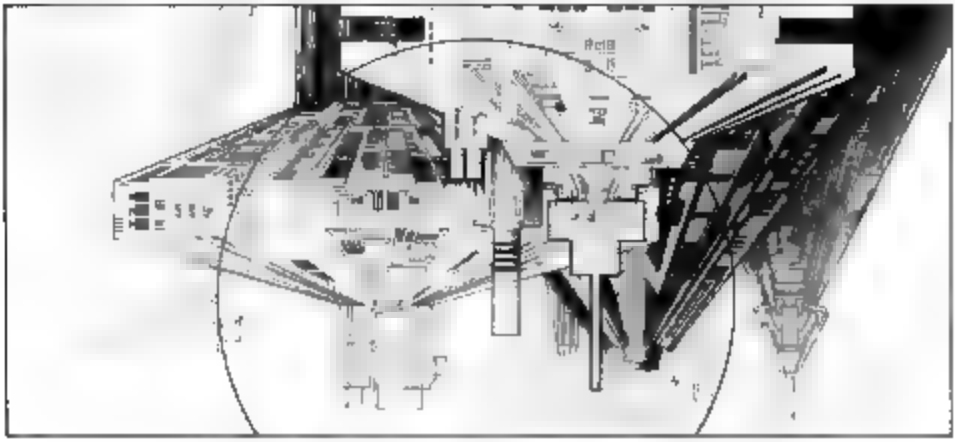




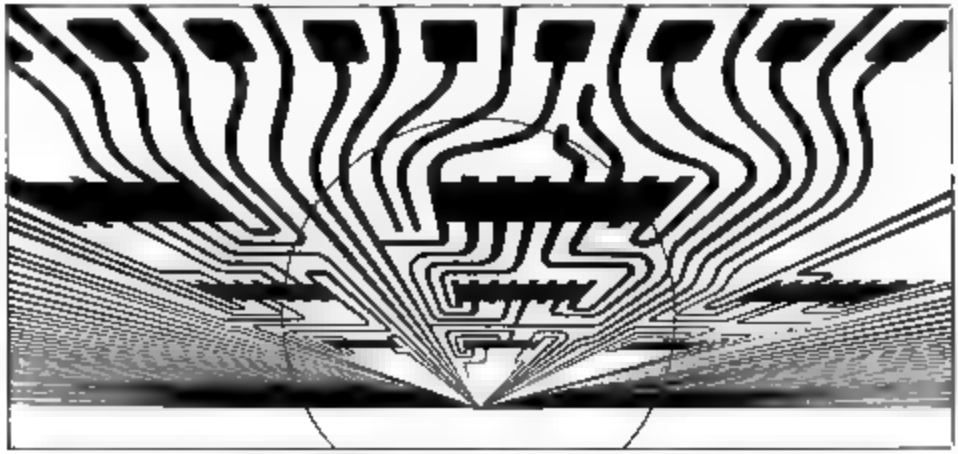
DEPOSIT OF WASTE IN MEGAPOLITAN OUTSKIRTS PROHIBITED.



ALL DELIVERIES REAR LOADING ZONE. FOLLOW BLIP.



EXPORT...IMPORT...BARTER...CREDIT RATING...

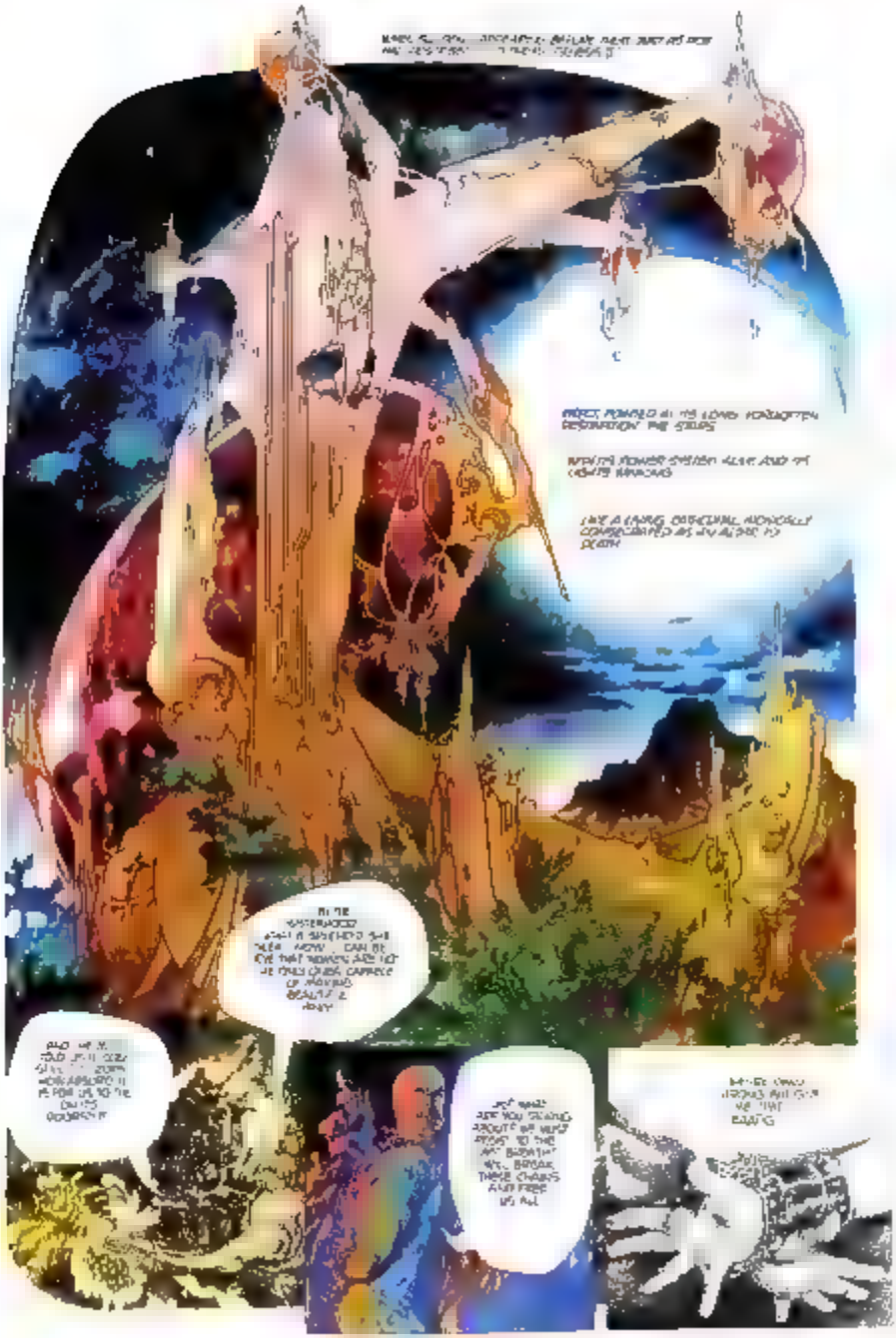


Gravity well: Plot escape escape esca

UPSTART THEATER
presents
SHAKESPEARE
SLAM
BUDDA
BUDDA
POW
BLAM!
BANG
BLAM!
BUDDA
POW!
BLAM!
KA-POW!
THUD

ZORA
WE'RE SURROUNDED!
WE'RE GOING TO NEED LOTS OF HELP TO NEUTRALIZE THESE HUNGRY SAVAGES, ZORA THEY'RE COMING AT US AGAIN!
AND THE CAREERS OF ZORA!
FEEL THE FIST OF BRONCO LUCKING HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE SOUTHERN FLEET!

CLEARLY THIS WAS A FORM OF PERSONAL CHALLENGE. IF ALL WAS LOST VETCH WERE DOUBTFUL OFFER SOME OPPORTUNITY FOR SURVIVAL. GRIMLOCK FIGURED WHATEVER FORM WAS FROM OF CHALLENGE
OH SAVORING YOU SAVE TO HIM! FLESH ATE! AND YOURS GONNA MAKE YOU REMEMBER LEFT ONE
NO!
AND THERE ALL THROUGH! NOW WE SEE WHAT THE WINNERS FORM AMOUNTS TO!
NOT A SINGLE FLESHEATER ARRIVE AMONG THE "SELLS OF WARRIORS" THAT HAD BEEN WORTH HUNTING THE FIGHT! IT WAS AS A STORE MADE UP "ULTIMATE" AS DOLLS—THE SUCKERS OF ONE OF THOSE SUBSTANCES BEING REPAIRS


DIRECT POWERED BY THE LONG FORGOTTEN GENERATOR THE STARS
WITH THE POWER SYSTEM ALIVE AND THE CASTLE HAVOCAS
I HAVE A LARGE DIRECTIVE MONOCULT CONSIDERATED AS AN ALTER TO DEATH
IN THE MASTERPIECE WHICH I SACRIFICED THE PLEA NOW... CAN BE SEE THAT POWERS ARE NOT AS TRUES OVER CAPRICE OF HAVOCAS REALITY IS HOW?
AND WE'VE SOLD OUR SOULS TO THE DEVIL FOR A MORE ABSURD LIFE FOR US TO THE DEVIL'S DISPOSAL
WHAT WHAT ARE YOU SAYING ABOUT? WE HAVE RISEN TO THE ART BEGINNING WE... BREAK THESE CHAINS AND FREE US ALL
WE'RE ONLY HERDS AND SLAVE TO THE EMPIRE

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 77 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 77 Russian astronauts, Roger Zelazny's paranoid puzzler, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival and more.

#3/JUNE 77 Macedo's Rock biz, highly praised Shella, beginning of Davis's World Apart, Moebius, Corben, Bode, more.

#4/JULY 77 Life of Moebius, Arzach part II, The long Tomorrow, conclusion of Sunpol.

#5/AUGUST 77 The saga of Polonius begins. The long To morrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER 77 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera, plus more. World Apart, Den, and Polonius.

#7/OCTOBER 77 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's Airlight Garage, Den, and Polonius back again, yet more.

#8/NOVEMBER 77 New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions to Polonius and World Apart.

#9/DECEMBER 77 Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet, Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, plus full color Corben, Mace, de Clavelous and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY 78 Morrow illustrates Zelazny's Bob and Richard up close, issues Conquering Armies conclude, Den continues.

#11/FEBRUARY 78 New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and artist spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al.

#12/MARCH 78 Swashbuckling Orion debuts, birthday of Gray Morrow, more Barbarella, Urm, and Den.

#13/APRIL 78 Our 5th anniversary issue. A 30 page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps up.

#14/MAY 78 Jim the Mad wakes, bye bye Sol Orion, and Barbarella continue, and Alex Nino rips his hat.

#15/JUNE 78 Corben introduces Shakrazad, Sundown's class, More Than Human's illustrated more, Barbarella, and the origins of Heilman.

#16/JULY 78 A happy ending for Barbarella, a sad ending for 1986, resumption of Druillet's Gail, more Heilman, Orion, More Than Human, and Corben's Arabian Nights.

#17/AUGUST 78 SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 78 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER 78 Exterminator 17, Ellison's illustrated Glass Goblin, debut of McKie's, So Beautiful and So Dangerous, plus usual

#20 NOVEMBER 78 Twenty pages of the Dreamy Chaykin, Empire, more Sindbad, Exterminator, and Major Grubert, Heinlein's that rabbit hole.

#21/DECEMBER 78 The stocking's full with Orion, Kechman's Tarot, and 2 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22. JANUARY 79 Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes, Gail, plus McKie and Corben, How much are you take?

#23/FEBRUARY 79 Gaiaccio, Geopiagan, Starchild, Corben's Sindbad, McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous, plus Moebius, Beal and Macedo.

#24/MARCH 79 Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination, Starchild II and Ellison's stale show.

#25/APRIL 79 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY 79 It's all-American issue, except for Druillet's Dance and a Proust joke! 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated Asian.

#27/JUNE 79 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY 79 Rodan's Zoaks premieres, Corben's Sindbad concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Max Hunge debuts.

#29. AUGUST 79 Cara Stein's show with New Ark City, plus Mayer's, Suydam, Galactic Geographic, Bode, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER 79 Elric, Buck Rogers, a lizard named Elvis and little Red V-3 along side Montalbano and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER 79 A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER 79 Let's give thanks for Corben's Rowlf, Bode's Zoaks, Brunner's Elric, Chaykin's The Stars My Destination, Moebius and more.

#33/DECEMBER 79 A Christmas package from Cara, Corben, Kaled, Suydam, Shiles, Tina, Moebius and Ellison, plus Gnomes and Giants.

#34/JANUARY 80 A new year, new decade begins with new look for HM with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists, Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben's Rowlf, and much more.

#35/FEBRUARY 80 An early Chaykin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's The Beast of Wolfton begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Mari Hoe Arthur's Arzach trip.

#36/MARCH 80 Why did The Crewsade "take Jeannette"? Read the Schultzen Bros. story! Plus Corben, Malaina, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations.

#37/APRIL 80 Our 3rd anniversary issue. 12 pages of Champaklou in living color, final installment of Moebius's Airlight Garage, plus Cara, Bode, Howarth, Corben, Bode, and more.

#38/MAY 80 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Arzak ever find out? Will Champaklou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the green Marilyn, too? We'll never tell.

#39/JUNE 80 Champaklou meets his fate, while Captain Storm saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY 80 The Alchemist Supreme continues. Arzak learns truth about sidekick Mutey Bua's. Frog ess begins, and Moebius returns with Shore leave.

#41/AUGUST 80 Druillet returns with the continuation of Salamandro, while Moebius concludes Shore leave, and a marvelous Beal continues, Progress!

#42/SEPTEMBER 80 The Alchemist Supreme concludes, while Beal's Progress perks up steam. Crime Color, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while Rock Opera gets stranger yet.

#43. OCTOBER 80 Our Special Rock issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Vess, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kiekegaard, Ji, Corben, and Malaina, and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER 80 With the Shogun spirit ablaze, this issue's cover by Hayao Sakayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Clavelous, Moebius, Kakuta, Sprangett, and Beal.

#45/DECEMBER 80 Plumbing Corben's illustrated Bloodstar, Crepax's Valentina, and Godard and Ribera's What's Reality, Papa. Plus, The Curse of the Frog, Rock Opera, and Moebius.

#46/JANUARY 81 Jeronimo returns with Woman. Don Wood makes his HM debut with Gang High. Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Marcelas and Rock Opera. Moebius tells us, There's a Prince Charming on Phenaxon!

#47/FEBRUARY 81 William S. Burroughs discusses Cronenberg's Dead Zone, while The Horny Goof, an inevitable Moebius character, gets hassled in and outs in Uxbo. Special added attraction: Pages from Jeff Jones's Yesterdays, in and on interview with the man himself.

#48/MARCH 81 Tex Arcana, John Findley's epic Western, be

Photocopy only. Back issues

[illegible] What Is Reality, Papa and The Ambassador of the Shadows [illegible] Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's [illegible] Salammbo and [illegible] Ellison's [illegible]

#25/APRIL 81 [illegible] Corben [illegible] the [illegible] Steele, [illegible] could [illegible]

#26/MAY 81 Prophet of [illegible] Starbuck and [illegible] The Immortals' Fete [illegible] The [illegible] Bridge and William S. Burroughs [illegible]

#27/JUNE 81 The [illegible] Corben [illegible] adaptation of [illegible] Chaykin [illegible]

#28/JULY 81 [illegible] The Bus [illegible] adaptation [illegible]

#29/AUGUST 81 [illegible] plus a [illegible] page [illegible]

#30/SEPTEMBER 81 [illegible] Jones [illegible]

#31/OCTOBER 81 Shakespeare [illegible] episode of the [illegible] Jones [illegible]

#32/NOVEMBER 81 [illegible] the World [illegible] Jones [illegible]

#33/DECEMBER 81 [illegible]

[illegible] the Immaculate [illegible]

#34/JANUARY 82 [illegible] and The Autogenous Man [illegible] Chaykin and Simonson Segrelles [illegible]

#35/FEBRUARY 82 [illegible]

#36/MARCH 82 [illegible]

#37/APRIL 82 [illegible] Moebius [illegible]

#38/MAY 82 [illegible] Sexual Revolution [illegible] Schwarzenegger [illegible] by Ted White and [illegible]

#39/JUNE 82 We proudly [illegible] Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten and Fernandez [illegible]

#40/JULY 82 [illegible] and pages from Corben's [illegible]

#41/AUGUST 82 We proudly present Jones and Wrightson [illegible]

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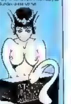

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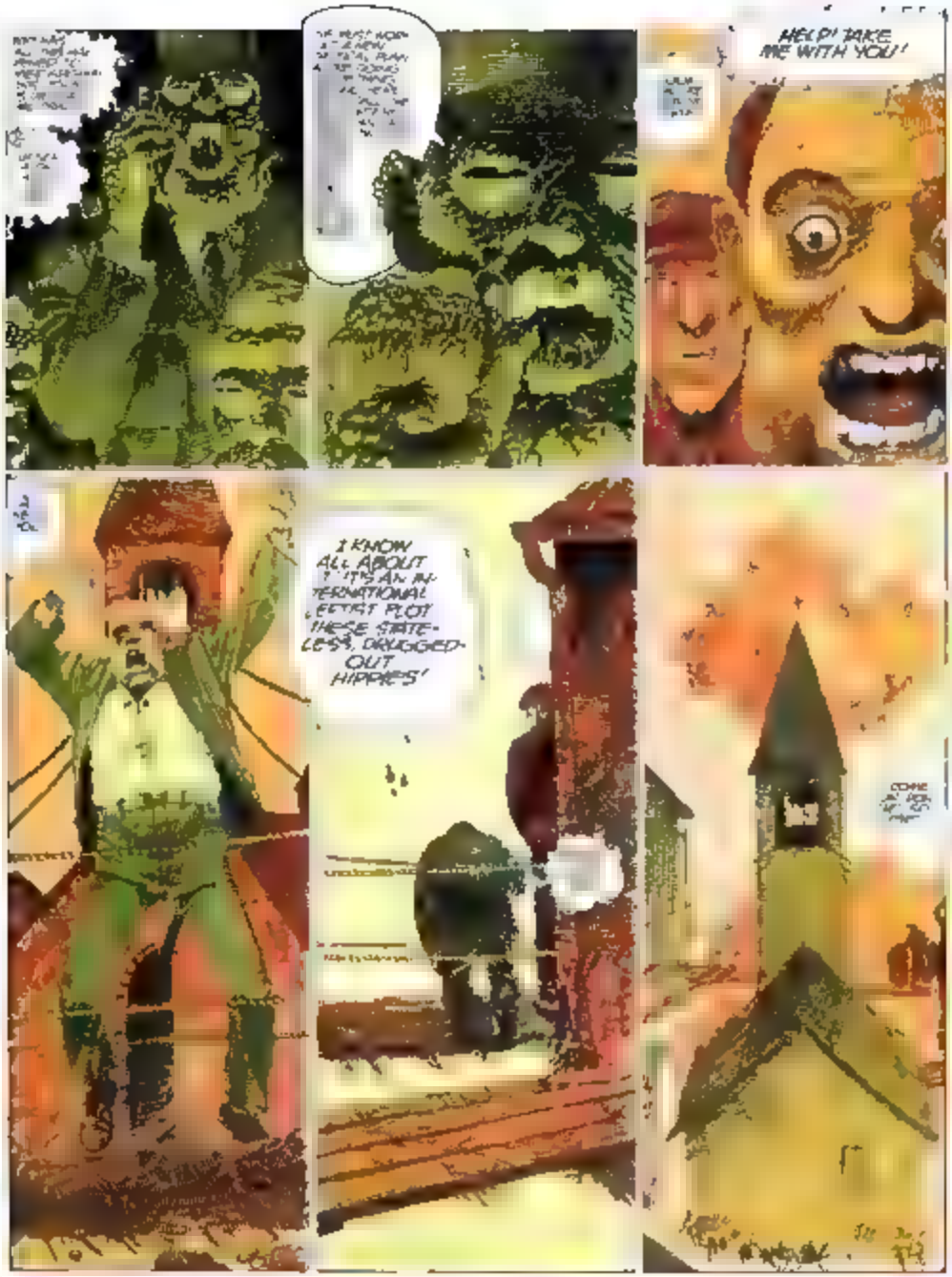
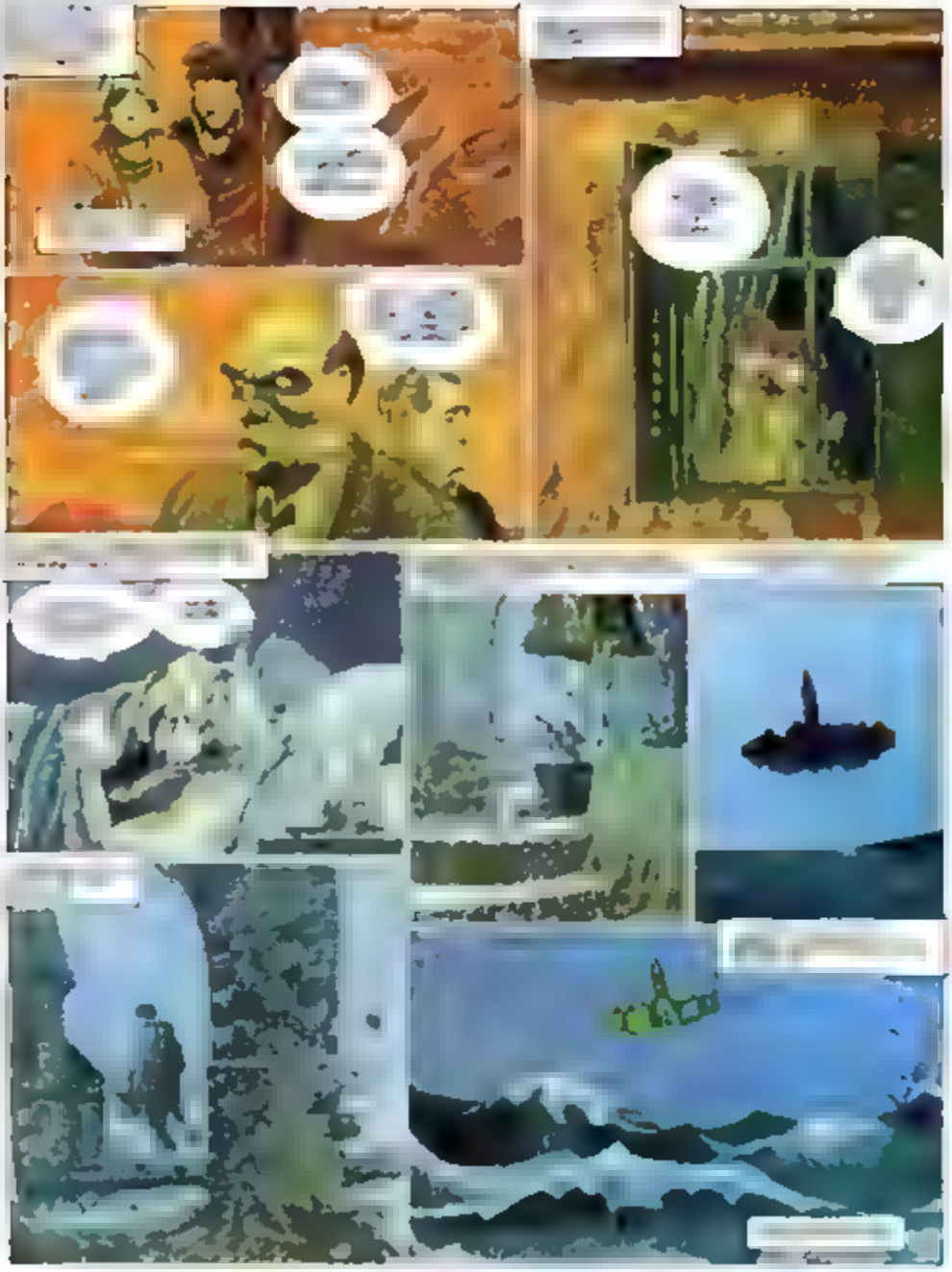
THE VOYAGE OF
THOSE FORGOTTEN

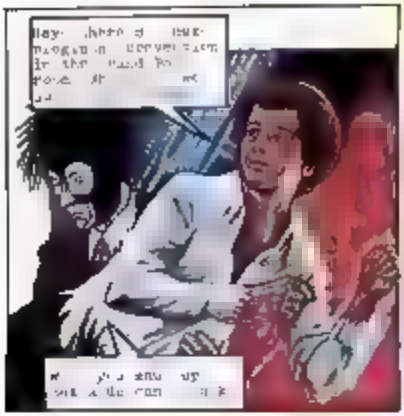

HELP! TAKE ME WITH YOU!
I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! IT'S AN INTERNATIONAL COMMUNIST PLOT THESE STATELESS, DRUGGED-OUT HIPPIES!

QUIT YOUR YELLING! YOU'RE GETTING ON MY NERVES!



ROCK OPERA
THE DEVIL & MS. JONES
HELP!
RATED
VISA

Frantically, I
ried to devise a
way to get no man
Looks pretty heavy



We woke up in inky darkness, our mouths full of sticky gunk.

Where are we?

Marty, are you ok-o?

I don't know. We--we're moving.

You think they might be fattening us up for some kind of really perverted ook ac!?

The motion stopped, and from inside our little womb we could hear a low lustful murmur.

Suddenly, violently we were thrust upward into the dazzling light.

Not Not I don't want to be horn!

We had emerged from a huge cake on the stage of the Grand Ballroom--while all around us erased alien sexologists cheered and howled.

TAKE IT OFF!

TAKE IT OFF!

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CONTINUED...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

THE T-SHIRT:

THE CALENDAR:

THE PLANTER:

THE COFFEE MUG:

THE "BUS-ON-A-ROPE":

THE RECORD:

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What do David Bowie, Edgar Rice Burroughs,
Todd Rundgren, and Sex have in common?
Why they're all in this very issue!